The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1934 NUMBER 1024

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The Week

SEVERAL incidents of the past week combine to arouse fresh interest in the question of possible war in Europe. Rudolf Hess, one of Hitler's important deputies, has made a radio speech addressed primarily to French war veterans in which, while he made the customary Nazi boasts of Germany's strength, he was on the whole markedly conciliatory. General Weygand, of the French army, has been in London holding mysterious conversations with British military leaders. The indefatigable M. Barthou, fresh from his whirlwind tour of Southeastern Europe, has also been in London, talking with Sir John Simon. The French have suddenly blossomed forth with a proposal for two vast regional pacts of mutual assistance, one for Northeastern Europe and one for the Mediterranean area. While neither France nor England would be a party to either of these pacts, they would supplement the Locarno agreement and, in particular, would guarantee the maintenance of existing frontiers. This, of course, is the old French effort to keep intact the territorial provisions of the treaties of 1919, which has been tried again and again during the past fifteen years. The British, it is said in London, have rejected any formal military alliance with France. They are, however, continuing joint conversations about technical military questions, within the framework of Locarno. If this means anything at all, it is that when France and Germany go to war again, England will once more participate on the side of France. Lord Grey's commitment, which brought England into the War in 1914, was no more binding than that of today.

SENATOR Borah is now engaged in a one-man campaign against the New Deal. The Senator, whose fiery zeal is not at all impaired with the passage of the years, is traveling across the countryside like Paul Revere, calling attention to the predicament in which the Roosevelt legislation has left the little man—the small manufacturer, the petty retailer, and so on. He calls for a return to the old Americanism, to the moralities—and the economic practices—of our fathers. The Senator is somewhat in the position of a heroic lifeguard giving pulmotor treatment to a victim who, unfortunately, died some time ago. While there is much truth in his criticism of the New Deal, the sort of America to which he would like to return is as dead as the Rome of the Imperial Caesars. However little the Senator likes it, we must go forward to a new organization of society, for the simple and compelling reason that a great many of us will starve to death if we don't. The real criticism of the New Deal is not that it has departed from the sort of America in which Senator Borah grew up, but that it has failed to go far enough and fast enough in making the necessary alterations.

FOR many months, Wall Street kept telling the world that the Securities Law was hurting business. We were assured, over and over, that large flotations of debentures would be made, if only the obnoxious provisions of the law were repealed. Congress at last took heed of these pitiful wails from Mr. Whitney and his cohorts, and modified the law, giving Wall Street practically everything it asked. Was this fact followed by a rush of new flotations? It was not. The situation remains almost exactly as before. In other words, all the earnest statements of the financial men during all these months were just a lot of bunk. The reason securities had not

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need new money or did not believe that their new issues could be sold. It might be worth while to write it in your hat that no statement made by Wall Street about its affairs as influenced by Washington can be believed until it is verified independently.

THAT the movie industry is still much in need of intelligent reform is evident; but it is also evident that such reform will hardly be brought about by the present movement for a sanitary Hollywood as headed by the three major religious faiths in America. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish groups are combining to threaten large-scale boycott of "indecent" pictures, and Hollywood, foreseeing box-office pains, gives evidence of being on the run: Mae West's new film has been suddenly returned to the cleaner's; announcements are being made daily as to the change of titles and cancellation of such production schedules as may seem too racy; producers, screen writers and exhibitors are all at once very interested in doing away with smut. Everybody concerned agrees that what must be saved this time is the Youth of America. Well, yes, but how? Partly, say the churches, by doing away with pictures featuring sex relationships. In view of the fact that the nation's youth, by and large, has a better working knowledge of these matters than the motion pictures plus the churches could give them, the objection seems a trifle unnecessary.

WITH the pictorial idealization of the cheapest and most vicious elements in the present social system, of course, the churches have little quarrel. They do object, however, to the showing of crime in a favorable light. Here their stand is more reasonable, but can lead only to a little more whitewash. The conditions of a society pretty much dictate what the artistic expression of them shall be, and this being the case, there is no way of stopping impressionable people from seeing that it is almost as easy to rob a till or shoot a rival as it is to sell a million dollars' worth of rubber frying pans to the government. But since the men controlling Hollywood will profit more by giving temporary lip service to purity leagues than by endowing a few churches to make everybody happy, we shall just have to sit through a certain number of silly plots made sillier, and good ones emasculated, till the thing blows over. Like all moral tempests, it will probably not be for long, but while it lasts it should make good publicity for the Deity.

THE American State Department now has before it a pretty little problem in connection with Santo Domingo. The Dominican Republic is under the ruthless dictatorship of "President" Rafael Trujillo Molina, a dictatorship for which the United States has a special responsibility, because American Marines, during the occupation of 1916-24, helped to train the army which is Trujillo's chief reliance. Santo Domingo also has a foreign debt she has great difficulty in paying. Some time ago she was given a moratorium on payments toward the principal, and she now wants an extension of this, as well as a moratorium on the interest. Generally speaking, The New Republic is apathetic toward measures that bring pressure to bear on Caribbean countries to pay foreign debts, many of which were contracted through force and fraud. In the case of Santo Domingo, however, the choice seems to be between payment on the foreign debt, and spending the money on Trujillo's personal army, which already eats up between a quarter and a half of the governmental income. Under the circumstances, we feel that the American State Department would be well advised to tell Señor Trujillo that until he is prepared to spend his money on something more useful than bayonets with which to keep himself in office, the payments on the foreign loan might well be continued. We note with regret the suggestion that an important sugar company, largely owned in Wall Street, has had extremely important favors from Trujillo, which it might repay by now putting in a good word for his government with Washington officials. We had hoped that this sort of thing was part of the Old Deal, which vanished never, never to return.

LIBERAL-MINDED citizens of Pittsburgh are up in arms regarding the enforced resignation of Professor Ralph E. Turner, associate professor of History at the University of Pittsburgh and generally conceded to be one of the ablest and most popular men on the campus. In the past, the University of Pittsburgh has been criticized because its administration seemed to have a habit of dismissing men who took a liberal or radical position, and many people in Pittsburgh believe that the action in regard to Mr. Turner is another example of an old, bad habit. The University has a board of trustees made up of the spokesmen of big business, men who are obviously out of sympathy with the idea of academic freedom. Moreover, it is seeking funds with which to complete its famous "Cathedral of Learning," a skyscraper university building, which has been as vigorously denounced in some academic quarters as it has been praised in others. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Turner's dismissal was not because he has said or done anything objectionable; indeed, he was reëngaged on May 9 and Chancellor Bowman admits that, since that time, his conduct has been unexceptionable. It seems more than likely that he was made a scapegoat in the expectation that his high-handed dismissal would produce sharp protest from liberals, which would itself be a guarantee to conservatives that the University was "safe and sound." It is just possible, however, that Chancellor Bowman may have outsmarted himself. The University is to a large extent dependent upon state funds, and there are still a good many people in Pennsylvania who believe in freedom of speech. In the next session of the Legis-

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the University until guarantees are given that the faculty will not be completely muzzled in deference to men of the Mellon-Weir type.

CONDITIONS approaching peonage have resulted in a strike of workers on the greatest onion marsh in the United States, in Hardin County, Ohio. There, in the black muck and broiling sun, men and women wheelhoe or weed onions on hands and knees for a wage that varies from 8 to 12½ cents an hour. Since 1931 the average has been one dollar for a ten-hour day, except for children, who receive as little as four cents an hour. Men work an average of four months a year; women three. Unemployment is chronic. Some workers supplement their wages by cultivating an acre or two on shares, but these must accept for their onions the price set by the landowner. The workers' housing conditions and the shocking wage level are reflected in the incidence to tuberculosis, which is higher for Hardin than for any other county in the state.

SIX hundred workers went on strike June 20 for 35 cents an hour and an eight-hour day. The growers obtained an injunction from Judge Hamilton E. Hoge of the Common Pleas Court restraining the strikers from "assembling in numbers in excess of two" and restricting to two the number of pickets at any one entrance to a field. When several of the strikers were arrested for violating the injunction Judge Hoge singled out their leader, Okey Odell, for a ten-day jail sentence, ruling that "it is immaterial to the court what [wage] these men are working for." An A.F. of L. organizer and a representative of the Central Labor Union of Toledo arrived to help the strikers. The growers countered with threats of eviction and blacklisting and spread the word that there was no code that permitted the workers to organize. July 5 the strikers received a charter—the first to be granted by the A.F. of L. to a union of agricultural workers. As the strike goes into its fourth week most of the union members are dependent entirely upon relief payments, an unfortunate situation, since J. F. Stambaugh, one of the most reactionary of the growers, is an influential member of the committee that budgets the relief funds. Incidentally the local Democratic boss is W. W. Durbin, Register of the Treasury.

PROBABLY many readers of The New Republic have had difficulty, during the past few weeks, in keeping clear in their minds the names and significance of the various military and semi-military organizations in Germany. For their benefit, we append a list. These organizations are:

The *Reichswehr,* the standing army serving under long-term enlistments. The attempt is now being made to enlarge it from 100,000 to 200,000 men, with a reduced period of enlistment, thus building up a larger and more highly trained reserve. It is under the control of the Reich's Minister of War, General Werner von Blomberg. Although created during the period of the Weimar Republic, the army has always been in the hands of the imperial generals and remains one of the most reactionary bodies in Germany.

The *Geheime Staats Polizei,* usually called the *Gestapo,* the secret state police of Prussia. As such it has been under the control of Göring, the Premier, and, now under the command of Heinrich Himmler, it has been extended to most of the other states of the Reich. The official uniform is green, but the force usually operates as plainclothesmen. Numerically, the organization is small and, like all such highly professional police groups, it is completely obedient to its commanders.

Similar to the *Gestapo* is the *Schupo,* the former municipal police forces of Germany, now unified as a state organization of some 200,000 men. The uniform is green.

The *Schutz Staffel,* the special guards, usually referred to by the German abbreviation, the S.S., is a body of some 200,000 men, carefully picked for their personal loyalty to Hitler and for the political conservatism of their ranks. Their uniform is black.

The *Sturm Abteilung,* Storm Divisions or Storm Troops, usually called the S.A. These "Brown Shirts" are the Nazi mass-military machine, numbering over 2,500,000 before the present crisis. It was the leaders of this organization, with its "radicalism" and proletarian elements, who were the main object of attack in the recent German executions. Its commander, Ernst Röhm, was executed and Viktor Lutze was placed in command with orders to disarm the Troops completely and reduce the membership to 800,000. Neither the S.S. nor the S.A. was originally an official government organization, but both have now become semi-official bodies.

Originating as a military police for both the S.A. and the S.S. is the small, highly disciplined Hunter Guard, a white-uniformed, highly reactionary group of 25,000 under the close personal command of Göring.

The *Stahlhelm,* the Steel Helmets, is a voluntary organization of khaki-uniformed veterans, originally a private association, but tending more and more to be brought into semi-official relationship with the Nazi party. The membership of this is conservative and partially monarchist. The organization has been rechristened the National Socialist Front Fighters.

MR. Irenee du Pont, member of the family which owns one of the world's greatest munitions factories, last week came forward to explain why so much public objection has lately been made to the private manufacture of arms. All the complaints come, Mr. du Pont says, from editors trying to sell copies of their magazines and newspapers, from "mistaken idealists" and from Russian Communists, who are trying to break down the military defenses of capitalist countries. Arguing strictly along Mr. du Pont's own lines, we should like to suggest that he himself is evidently acting in the interests of the Russian Reds. By making munitions manufacturers ridiculous, he tends to break down respect for them, injures their business and thereby obviously brings communism—woof! woof!—right up on the front porch. We hope Mr. Ralph Easley hears of this, and gives Mr. du Pont the public spanking he so

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Labor's Battle for Power

THE NEWS from San Francisco and Portland, reports of the Milwaukee strike such as that on page 261 of this issue, and the accounts of former strikes like those in Toledo and Minneapolis, give evidence of an important new element in the social scene. These strikes are in many respects unlike any that we have had in the United States for at least a generation.

The first point to be observed in most of these strikes is the nature of the issues that the participants consider basic. They are not mere contests for a few cents more per hour or a few hours less per week. In some of them these demands do not appear at all. The slogans are indeed phrased in old terms like "collective bargaining" or "union recognition." Other issues, such as the Pacific Coast demand that the union be allowed to control the "hiring halls," are related to these. But behind them is a sense that now at last organized labor must establish its independent right to participation in the decisions of industry that affect the workers most closely. It is a sharp expression of the feeling, shared by wage earners in many industries and localities, that the time is here for an advance in labor's status and power. If the strike leaders were historically conscious they would doubtless say that just as the Third Estate was called in to the council tables of the Bourbon monarchy in the last decade of the eighteenth century, so now labor must be granted power in the government of industrial society. The employers concerned sense this issue clearly enough. They declare they are resisting labor's wish to "run" their factories, or street-car lines, or docks. This is an exaggeration, of course, but whereas it used to be a mere propaganda phrase, there is now more truth in it.

This feeling of the rank and file, always latent, was aroused by the Recovery program and especially by Section 7a of the N.I.R.A. The people at the polls had expressed their dissatisfaction with the old ways of doing things, with the old distribution of power. The action of the national government in conferring, with apparent explicitness, the right of collective bargaining, was the visible result of this democratic, constitutional uprising, as far as labor was concerned. For weeks and months, labor thought that this time democracy had worked, and waited for the law to be enforced. Where it was obeyed, no serious trouble occurred. But in numerous important cases where employers declined to obey it, and where the government failed to enforce it—in spirit as well as in letter—labor turned from the ballot to the picket line. The workers determined to do their own enforcing, instead of waiting longer for the action of what is coming to be known among them as the "National Run Around." The second point is thus that the workers, spurred on at first by consciousness of apparent victory in politics, are not the old isolated struggles of separate crafts or groups of workers for separate concessions, carried on as the rest of the people stood by and looked on—or as was often likely to be the case, ignored them altogether. The unemployed, as organized by various groups of leaders, come in to support them. Anonymous crowds of citizens show that they appreciate the common cause of labor by gathering behind the official picket lines. The pickets themselves may be meek and law-abiding, but the crowds are often dangerous to the employers' property—inanimate and human property. Mingled with sympathy for the cause of the group that began the strike is a general hostility toward recalcitrant members of the ruling class—public-utility magnates, hard-boiled employers, men concerned in bank failures. The employers no longer enjoy the public prestige, or at least the public indifference, which used to be one of their strongest assets. Finally, other branches of organized labor show signs of coming officially to the aid of the strikers. General strikes are discussed, "sympathetic" strikes of related crafts occur. The strikes come to resemble mass insurrections against industrial autocracy in general.

When crowds gather, when violence threatens and when the employers seem about to lose the strikes by virtue of this mass opposition, which seriously interferes with the usual technique of employing strike breakers and protecting them with private gunmen, the local police power is usually called in. Not only policemen and special deputies, but state troops as well are frequently sent to the scene of action to help the employers. In localities where this does not happen, the strike is quickly won; no employer or group of employers can defy an aroused populace. Even when the soldiers do come and physical battle ensues, the mob may not be cowed and a settlement may have to be reached, as in Toledo. But wherever it happens, the masses are treated to the following edifying experience: an employer who, according to their understanding, has defied the will of the people as expressed through the national government, is supported in his defiance by armed government force. Workers are gassed and shot for trying to make the employer obey the law; meanwhile no compulsion is exercised on him. In these circumstances, is it any wonder that the impression spreads that this is an employers' government under which democratic processes do not work?

If the National Guard is ever called out, with gas bombs and machine guns, to escort a union committee into the company office and make a law-evading employer deal with the representatives of the employees' choosing, violence in the streets may be obviated and the masses may be reassured as to the democratic nature of our government. But, until that unlikely event happens, the weakness of the Roosevelt administration in satisfying the as-

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is leading straight to catastrophe. There is T.N.T. in the rank and file of industry; everything is being done to detonate it. The choice before the government authorities is likely before long to be reduced to this stark dilemma: either to give the workers their rights or to shoot them down.

Hitler Turns to the Right

A WEEK ago the world accepted the murderous onslaught of Hitler and Göring against their lifelong friends as an act of self-defense, brutal but understandable in a dictator who must maintain himself in power at all costs. Since then it has had to change its opinion. The semi-official list of victims published by The New York Times last Sunday, a list based on "the best information gathered from many sources," contains thirty-four names. Of these not more than nineteen were directly or indirectly connected with the S.A. (Storm Troops); the remaining fifteen not only had no connection with the Storm Troops but were almost without exception in opposition to that organization.

Since no one outside the small circle in Hitler's confidence can know who and how many of Germany's prominent citizens were slaughtered in this week of horror, whether they belonged to the left (S.A.) or the right (German Nationalist and monarchist) group of Hitler's opponents, every expression of opinion remains more or less speculative. But this is certain—that on closer inspection, the "plot" of the Storm Troop leaders takes on the aspect of a bare-faced swindle, "as discredited almost," says Karl von Wiegand in The New York American, "as the announcement that the Reichstag fire was set by Communists."

The most important fact that emerges in the clearer perspective of time is that Hitler has now definitely turned to the Right. In so doing, he has more than ever forgotten those parts of the National Socialist program that had in them any near-socialist ideas. He has betrayed the millions of his followers who looked upon him as a leader of the poor and the oppressed. He has rendered altogether hopeless the position of many former Socialists and Communists who came over to his ranks at least partly in the belief that he would carry out some radical measures. It has never been clear to what extent he exercised any real authority of his own, instead of being merely the puppet of Thyssen and other great industrialists; but certainly he is now to a dangerous extent only the tool of the reactionaries. By cutting himself off from the Storm Troops, he becomes virtually the prisoner of the Reichswehr and their reactionary allies.

To be sure, Hitler for many years, both before and since becoming Chancellor, has been the willing tool of the industrialists who financed his party and his campaigns. Five days before June 30 he had returned from Essen where he "inspected" the Krupp factories and had "incidentally" attended a conference of industrialists there, at which he received and accepted the ultimatum of these true masters of the German situation. Industry demanded a change in economic policy. It insisted on departure, both at home and abroad, from the course that had aroused the world against Germany, had undermined her export trade and destroyed the possibility of importing vitally necessary raw materials. The Krupps, Thyssens, Vogelers, *et al,* none of whom can be accused of any tenderness toward the Jews, declared that the international boycott of German goods must be brought to a halt. Apprehension of Germany's war aims must be dispelled. The administration of the country's economy must be placed in the hands of a man who has the confidence of finance and industry.

Reichsbankpresident Schacht and representatives of the absent Minister of Economies, Dr. Kurt Schmitt, underscored this stand. Krupp von Bohlen, who three days before had resigned as leader of the industrialist group, reconsidered his resignation when Hitler promised to equip Dr. Schmitt with extraordinary powers to meet the present crisis. The decree issued July 5 makes Dr. Schmitt the virtual dictator over industrial affairs in the Reich and places the offensive that is about to begin along Germany's entire economic front in his hands. He has control over the distribution of raw materials, can curtail the use of metal (copper, lead and zinc) for manufacturing purposes and can order the use of substitute food products to the exclusion of all others. The noted German chemist and Nobel prize winner Professor Friedrich Bergius, has been put in charge of a widespread plan that will place Germany in a position to combat, if necessary, a possible blockade on the part of her creditor nations. Whether Dr. Schmitt himself believes in this dubious economic scheme is doubtful.

What real excuse was there for the ruthless series of murders in which Hitler has engaged? That there was much dissatisfaction in the ranks of the Storm Troops is admitted; but there is a vast difference between dissatisfaction and an actual and definite plot to overthrow the regime. Thus far, Hitler, Göring and their associates have brought forward no concrete evidence whatever that such a plot existed. Instead, they fall back upon denunciation of sex perversion among some of the men assassinated, which comes all the more oddly from the mouths of the survivors, since this sex perversion was so long known to the world and tacitly condoned by the Nazi leaders. The charge that a foreign power was involved has been hotly repudiated by France, obviously the power referred to, and seems on its face to be 90-percent fabrication, 10 percent the magnifying of diplomatic gossip.

Is Hitler's personal power coming to its end? While the crisis is not yet past, this seems to us unlikely. Certainly labor, suppressed, disorganized and leaderless, has not yet become a factor to be reckoned with. At the moment, the Hitler

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It is even possible that the government will make its peace with the Catholic and Protestant Churches. Any betterment, however, can only be superficial and temporary. Hitler cannot solve Germany's economic problems, and even if he wanted to, the great capitalists from whom he takes orders would not permit the radical reorganization that alone could set matters straight. Hitler's overthrow will not come so soon as many persons hope and expect; but it is likely to come more rapidly than any but extreme optimists believed a year ago.

Mr. Mellon Gets a Code

TEN MONTHS of bickering have finally produced a code for the aluminum industries. It goes into effect for a trial period of ninety days while the government conducts an investigation into the "past practices of the industry" to determine how well the code protects the small independents from oppression. The reason for this temporary arrangement, also the reason for the numerous hearings that dragged out over so many months, is the charge of monopoly raised by all the independents against the Aluminum Company of America, since the latter controls over 60 percent of the available deposits of ore. The code very specifically stipulates that "no provision shall be so applied as to permit monopoly or monopolistic practices or to eliminate, oppress or discriminate against small enterprises."

Apparently the administration has no misgivings about the other provisions of the code, yet judging from the present temper of the workers in the industry, the provisions that are likely to be most controversial are those dealing with hours and wages, especially wages. A 40-hour, 6-day week is provided for with "tolerance" for a longer work week in any six-weeks period when a peak season requires it. Code wages are below those actually in effect now. Bauxite (aluminum ore) miners of the South are allowed 30 cents an hour under the code against the present rate of 35 cents, while in the fabricating mills, most of which are in the North, the minimum wage rates are set at 37½ cents for men and 32½ cents for women, against present rates of 40 and 35 cents.

What are the workers going to do about it? It is generally agreed among them that the "codfish," as the code is referred to, means an inescapable decrease in their pay, despite a statement issued by Mr. I. W. Wilson, vice-president of the Aluminum Company, that prevailing rates would not be disturbed. The workers tried to guarantee that they would not be by lodging numerous protests while code hearings were in progress. They also had Boris Shishkin, A.F. of L. representative, sit in on the advisory committee

Shishkin did not approve the wage rate of the code. He telegraphed Paul Howlet, president of was signed while I was away from Washington. In doing this the Administrator broke his promise that no action would be taken in my absence." He asked that another protest be filed, but the vast majority of the workers feel that more drastic action is called for. A vote taken recently in various union locals shows that an overwhelming majority favor a strike in the event that wages are reduced to the code rates. In New Kensington, where approximately 3,000 are employed, 2,757 voted for a strike and 14 against. At plants in Massena, New York; Manitowoc, Wisconsin; La Grange and Lemont, Illinois, employing over 3,500 workers, the vote was unanimously in favor of a strike. The only plant that showed weakness was the one in Alcoa, Tennessee, where out of a total of some 2,000 workers, 805 voted for a strike and 56 against.

At the present time the Aluminum Company employs a rather ingenious plan for hiring skilled labor at the common-labor rate of 40 cents an hour. A floating crew of several hundred experienced men is maintained. These are assigned to a particular department for a period of 60 days; then just as they become eligible to the skilled-labor rate of that department, they are shifted to some other section of the plant where again they work at the minimum rate. The workers feel that if the employers can get around present wage scales, they will be able to arrange a reduction without too much noise.

The workers are looking for some action they can take, but they run into their chronic organization difficulties. Unions in aluminum are still operating under cumbersome federal charters. Their request for an industrial union made last January rests in a "pickling" committee headed by Matthew Woll. The various locals have banded together in a national council with headquarters in Chicago, and it is up to this council to decide on the next step. A call was issued for a convention of local representatives in Chicago on July 8. If a strike is decided on, the workers appear ready for a practically solid walkout, but there is that quite usual fear today that if there is a strike both the A.F. of L. and the government, in one way or another, are going to be on the employers' side.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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The Next War

European Views on the Possibility of Conflict

ONE HEARS a good deal in New York, Washington or Chicago about the possibility of another European war; but in no American city do you get the sense of pressing peril that is found in the everyday conversations of political, economic and military experts in London or Paris. I have recently participated in scores of such conversations in these and other European cities and I cannot recall one individual who did not believe that there is more than a 50-percent chance of a conflict within the next few years. The abandonment of faith in the League of Nations, the Pact of Paris and every other type of war-preventing machinery, within the past few months, is striking and must be tragic to those who have still clung to the belief that nations can keep the peace in the military sense while waging the most desperate of economic warfare.

While I was in Paris, a few weeks ago, the French government quietly, indeed almost casually, ordered a census of all the private automobiles in the country, their age, power, passenger capacity and so on—the obvious purpose being to commandeer these cars in case of war. The most startling thing about this incident is that no Europeans with whom I discussed it were startled by it in the least. They shrugged their shoulders; it was only another straw in the wind, and there have been so many already. Indeed, the chief optimistic word I received anywhere was the suggestion that since a watched pot never boils, perhaps a war so universally predicted will never take place, after all. Unfortunately, the analogy is less than perfect because the proverb is false. A watched pot *does* boil, exactly as soon as one without a spectator.

There is, of course, one element making for peace, which ought to be mentioned. It is the serious economic disturbance in many nations, and the resulting dissatisfaction among the masses of the people. In half a dozen European countries, even the most belligerent government would hesitate before putting weapons into the hands of large bodies of troops, for fear that the armies so equipped might turn their guns against their own rulers. In an equal number of countries, the exchequer is so low that obtaining money for important military operations might be extremely difficult. Against all this must be weighed the fact that an insecure government is always tempted to strengthen itself by hostile gestures against a foreign foe.

Enemies Across the Rhine.—So far as Western Europe is concerned, the storm center is of course Germany. I found no competent observer who did not believe that the Ger- top speed; that they are already in a strong military position and that in another year or two they will be in a superlative one. The evidence to support this thesis has been so widely published in the United States as well as elsewhere that it need not be repeated here. My informants discussed the matter before the new reign of terror in Germany, but I do not believe that anything that has since taken place would alter their general view. Even if Hitler and the Nazi regime were to be deposed, it seems extremely unlikely that any new government that could come to power in Germany in the next few years would remove the war danger, though certainly it might become less pressing. After all, there was danger of war for a full decade before Hitler seized the reins. Short of simultaneous, successful Communist revolutions in Germany and France, I can conceive of no change of government in those countries that would reduce to a minimum the danger of a Franco-German war.

All this is true even if we assume that the present leaders of neither France nor Germany want war. Broadly speaking, no government ever wants war; they just want things that other nations will fight to prevent, and want them badly enough to fight to get them. Germany seeks "a place in the sun," just as did the imperial government in the years before 1914. A whole new generation of German youth is being trained in the doctrine of "manifest destiny" and is being taught that it is glorious to die on the battlefield in the effort to fulfill that destiny. France retains the fear she has held ever since 1870, and with increasing force ever since 1918. While she looks with no enthusiasm on a new war, she believes her choice may be between fighting Germany in the near future and fighting a much stronger Germany five or ten years hence. Most of her political and military leaders, confronted with such a choice, believe it is better to fight soon than late. In the meantime, France does everything she can to put a ring of enemies around Germany. She is aided in this task by the incredible ineptitude of German foreign policy, which is partly the historic German incompetence and partly the special incompetence, amounting to a genius for bungling, of the Nazis. She is hindered in the task by the appeal that fascism makes to the capitalists, and to the middle class in general, in Central and Eastern Europe. Fifteen years ago, conservatives feared that communism would spread throughout the world by the sheer contagion of ideas. What communism then failed to do, fascism is now doing

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determinism, in Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and the Little Entente.

Poland in the Nutcracker.—Americans have heard a good deal about the famous scheme for a German-Polish alliance against Russia. Germany, of course, would like to get back the Danzig Corridor, making East Prussia again one geographical unit with the Fatherland. According to this great plan, Germany and Poland were to unite in an aggressive war against Soviet Russia, which, if successful, would result in taking away from the U.S.S.R. the western half of the Ukraine. This would be attached to Poland, giving her an outlet on the Black Sea. In exchange for this vast territory, Poland would return the Danzig Corridor to Germany.

I found authorities on German and Polish affairs whom I consulted extremely dubious as to the reality of this precious scheme. They did not believe that Poland would consent to the loss of the Corridor; and they believed that even if the Poles made such a promise, they would repudiate it when the time came. They considered that Germany was well aware of the improbability that the Poles would go through with any such plan. They pointed out, moreover, that even in the present Polish territory there are tremendous dissatisfied minorities, notably Jews and Galicians. If Poland were to take over the western half of the Ukraine, she would be in the absurd and dangerous position of having a population almost 90-percent non-Polish.

My informants were also inclined to belittle the extent to which Poland has been drawn out of the French orbit and into the German in the past few months. It is true that relations between Warsaw and Berlin have notably improved; and it is also true that the French Foreign Office was excessively annoyed when this came about. The general opinion is, however, that the Poles are not such fools as to cut themselves off from France and thereby accentuate the peril in which they have been ever since their national existence was reëstablished. As one shrewd political observer said to me: "Poland, between Germany and Russia, is in the jaws of the nutcracker. Ten or twenty years hence, there is little probability that she will exist at all. Her best chance to survive is to play off these two powers and France, one against the other."

To a certain extent, the danger of war in Western Europe is tied up with the possibility of conflict in the Far East. The world seems to be breathing somewhat easier regarding the situation in the Orient, but it is quite possible that the sense of increased security is delusive. There is a striking parallel between Russo-Japanese and Franco-German relations. Like the French, the Russians believe they are in danger of attack sooner or later, and that the longer the conflict is postponed, the more formidable will be the Japanese military strength on the Asiatic mainland. Japan is as com-

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front; but when tension gets to a certain point, the overt act is likely to come from either side. If Russia went to war with Japan, and particularly if things seemed to be going badly for her in such a war, there would certainly be great danger of a German-Polish aggression against her.

In the past, we have been told that war danger in the Orient is always greatest in the spring; that if peace survives through April and May it is probably good for another ten or eleven months. Persons who have just come across Siberia from the Far East tell me, however, that this old reassurance no longer holds good. Within a few months, it is said, the Japanese army will be completely motorized. Thereafter, the autumn will be the time of greatest danger, for wheels can roll much better over frozen ground than in the sticky mud of a Siberian spring.

It actually seemed, a few weeks ago, as though France and Russia were on the verge of a definite military alliance, motivated in both cases by the desire to build a high wall around Nazi Germany. For the present, and in its most definite form, the idea has apparently been dropped, largely because it received an embarrassingly large amount of publicity and seemed glaringly inconsistent with France's obligations at Geneva. But the current still sets in that direction; Russian foreign policy becomes more and more "realistic"—*i. e.,* more and more like that of any other European power that feels itself in grave military danger.

The Old Courtship Continues.—Every time I have been in Paris during the past ten years, I have found the French struggling earnestly to obtain definite guarantees of support from Great Britain and the United States. This year, the situation is changed to the extent that they have given up America as a hopelessly bad job. Even the French now realize that the United States will not reënter the European tangle at present, and particularly since relations have been worsened by French repudiation of further payment on the war debt. The old effort to capture Great Britain goes on, however, in the old way. As an official of the French government summed it up for me: "Everyone knows that if Germany were to attack France again, England would once more come to our rescue, for her own protection. If she would only say so now, and definitely, Germany would not dare to strike, and the danger would be averted. By their refusal to make an explicit commitment, the British help to make war likely, without in the least reducing the possibility that they will be drawn into it."

Two years ago, public sentiment in Great Britain seemed to be violently anti-French. Any quantity of people looked forward with a certain amount of grim anticipation to a Franco-German war in which the French would be defeated and thereby "put in their place," with England remaining on the side lines. Hitler, however, has managed to change all that. While there is a great deal of covert sym-

pathy with him, not merely in the ranks of the British fascists but among the Tories in general, public opinion on the whole has swung sharply away from Germany and, necessarily, back toward France.

British political observers of various points of view with whom I talked were agreed in saying that the present pseudo-national, actually Tory, government is without any clear and decisive foreign policy, and quite as likely to muddle into war as was the British Cabinet of 1914. In regard to Japan, in particular, the attitude seems confused and vacillating. I found no echo in London of suggestions made in America that Britain is looking toward a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance; but it is clear, I think, that the British intend to do nothing that the Japanese would regard as markedly hostile to their Asiatic ambitions. The plea is made that Great Britain must retain Japanese friendship both to protect Australia in a military sense and to nurture the very important Australian-Japanese trade. On the other hand, the British recently initiated a movement to curtail Japanese exports to the Crown Colonies which, if carried through, would cause deep resentment in Tokyo. At the present moment, the British attitude toward limitation of armament, both on land and sea, is one of complete defeatism and despair. They are planning a gigantic air fleet, and the government appears to have been won over to the argument of the big-navy men in favor of a large increase in the number of light cruisers (although an attempt has now been made to explain that this increase will come only if and when the 1935 naval conference is a failure).

While Catastrophe Approaches.—As you listen in the capitals of Europe to one conversation after another with professional experts in public affairs, all of them predicting new wars, it is hard to escape the conviction that you are asleep and this is all a bad dream. Nearly everyone knows today, as few knew in 1914, what war means and what its probable consequences would be. Yet they go on talking about it as though it were an approaching phenomenon, like an eclipse of the sun. The radicals understand the truth about imperialistic war, yet they are defeatist in their attitude toward the next one. Even the pacifists who spend their lives decrying war's horrors and demanding that they should cease, have developed their ideas into a routine pattern; their pacifism has become a sort of racket out of which many get their livings and others get a sense of importance in the community. If they really believed what they say, and were fully conscious of its significance, they would not go on holding their orderly meetings, with ticket taker at the door, chairman in black coat, water bottle on the speaker's table, all complete. They would shout from the housetops to the unheeding sky; they would run through the streets calling the world to awaken to catastrophe as though a dam had burst and the flood waters were coming. If you and I believed it, I should not sit here quietly writing, nor you sit quietly reading. . . . Nobody really believes it; nobody ever envisages catastrophe until it is here. BRUCE BLIVEN.

This is the second of a series of articles on the European political, economic and military situation. —THE EDITORS.

Utopia, Incorporated

OUT OF Southern California, that paradise of the incredible, has come a social movement that all students of American politics should note with care. For the inevitable has happened: some one has finally united a form of radicalism with the showmanship so dear to the emotions of the average American. To say that the experiment has been successful is to indulge in understatement. It has swept Southern California like a hurricane. Incorporated on February 20, 1934, the Utopian Society (or US INCORPORATED) now boasts a membership of 200,000. Nor is this boast far from the truth. The Los Angeles Record of June 19, 1934, estimated the membership at 150,000, while C. H. Garrigues, the best informed political commentator in Los Angeles, set the figure at 200,000. The society has filled the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles with its mass meetings night after night during the last few months. Over 40,000 card notices were mailed out by the society recently for a meeting of the fully initiated to be held in the Hollywood Bowl. As many as 250 unit meetings have been held on the same night in Los Angeles, and reliable reports indicate that at least 2,000 separate meetings are held each week in Los Angeles. Regardless of conflicting views about the society, there is a real significance in the means by which it has captured the imagination of a multitude.

The Utopian Society is an offshoot of Technocracy. Few people remember that Technocracy, as a front-page news story, was first featured by The Illustrated Daily News of Los Angeles. Manchester Boddy, astute publisher of the The Daily News, making use of an article by Wayne Parrish in The New Outlook, broke the story. The manner in which Boddy featured Technocracy is said to have added 20,000 names to the subscription list of The Daily News. For about three weeks, Technocracy enthralled the Southern Californians, an ardent folk, readily susceptible to flamboyant sug-

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ever, nothing further was heard of Technocracy until the formation of the Utopian Society. In the meantime the Technocrats had profited by their experience, for they no longer indulged in headlines but in secrecy; they abandoned ballyhoo for mystery.

The Utopian Society operates as a secret order. Its founders have cleverly grafted a form of radicalism on the fraternal-lodge type of organization, with some form of which nine out of every ten adult Americans are said to be familiar. The ideas of the society are propagated not by debate, which invariably provokes dissension and ends in disunion, but by ritual and dogma. In resorting to these methods, the Utopians have shown a realism new in American radicalism.

Let me illustrate. A friend or acquaintance—he may be a salesman visiting your store—inquires if you would be interested in knowing something about a society that aimed, by strictly educational methods, to help Americans fight the depression. Or, the visitor might whisper, "Have you a number?"—the password of the society. In case you were already a member, you would repeat a number for identification. It would be some such number as "25 x 9876." The last figures would indicate the number of the particular meeting at which you became a member, the first would indicate your particular number at that meeting. Records of all meetings are maintained at the headquarters of the society, and identification is swift and accurate.

In case you were not a member but confessed an interest in the society, you would be given an address and told to inquire for your friend at a certain time and date. Upon your arrival, you would note the presence of a guard at the door. More than likely, the address would be the residence of your friend and the guardsman would be his son. After sending in your name for identification, you would be admitted. About twenty people would be seated around the room. Your friend, acting as a self-constituted chairman, would then read an "examination lecture" about "US INCORPORATED," of which the following is a sample:

> You will now stand, raise your right hand in salute to the flag, and say: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands; one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."
>
> Please be seated.
>
> All candidates and members of this society are hereby cautioned to refrain from taking part in any program having as its object to bring harm, injury or physical discomfort to any citizen of this nation.
>
> Members of this society are reminded of their oath to hold no malice in their hearts, and to support law and order in their city, state and nation.
>
> Truth and brotherly love are more powerful than bayonet or bomb, and forgiveness and tolerance more potent than the poison pen of any selfish exploiter hiding behind the flag of our beloved America.
>
> Our nation is now in the midst of a great and trying [illegible] We believe that this storm is gaining momentum and well-being of every citizen under our government.
>
> We are seeking men and women who have vision, judgment and courage. The examination of your desire and eligibility to join this group was started when the call first came to you. The fact that you have responded to that call is the first credit mark of your examination. Thus each step forward from this point in your examination, your desire and response, will mean either a credit or a discredit, depending entirely upon yourself.
>
> The work to be done now and in the future is for your own good and for the good of your loyal fellow men, who are working unselfishly. Any and all work to be undertaken is, and will be, for a sane and peaceful adjustment of the forces that are destroying our individual freedom and opportunity for advancement under this government.
>
> Certain portions of the work of this society are conducted in secrecy, and should you become a member you will be asked to take an oath not to reveal any of its secret rituals. You are assured, however, that nothing you will be required to do will interfere with your duties to your family, your loyalty to your country, or your worship of God.
>
> Further, this society is pledged to uphold our traditional form of American Democracy. Therefore, if you desire to proceed, it now becomes necessary that you take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States as well as a pledge of secrecy.

After the preliminary lecture has been read, the chairman then opens the meeting for discussion. The discussion is predicated on a list of questions that, like all the other forms, has been received from the headquarters of the society. The purpose of the discussion is to kill time, while each member of the audience who desires to join the society is conducted, blindfolded, through a series of three examination sessions in adjoining rooms. Some of the questions, read by the chairman and discussed by the audience, are the following:

> Do you believe the economic system of this country, as now applied, is at fault?
>
> Do you believe the necessities of life should be destroyed while people are suffering want and privation?
>
> Do you believe the remedies now being applied by the administration will solve our social and economic problem?
>
> Do you believe that poverty can be abolished without the abolition of profit?

While these and similar questions are being rather gingerly discussed by the uneasy audience, the blindfolded candidates are taken, one at a time, into an adjoining room. There the First Examiner asks them certain questions: name, address, occupation, business phone number, and so forth. The candidate then proceeds, with the assistance of a guide, to the Second Examiner, who propounds such questions as, "Have you ever had any writing, dramatic or speaking experience? Do you drive an automobile? What is its seating capacity?" All indicate that the candidate, if admitted, is to be used in some manner as part of the organization. Then,

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time probably reached the kitchen, the maid's room or the back porch), the Third Examiner assumes a high moral tone and informs the candidate that the Utopian Society is a non-profit corporation; that it is predicated on the Golden Rule. He then inquires if the candidate understands the aims and purposes of the society. Invariably the candidates answer "Yes," although obviously knowing nothing whatever of the society or its aims. The Third Examiner then gives the candidate a permanent identification number, noting the number on the candidate's questionnaire, which is sent to headquarters for future reference. The candidate is then considered a member of the society, entitled to witness the "cycles."

Once the candidates are again reassembled, the chairman reads the following or similar statement of the aims and purposes of the society:

> We, loyal members of the Utopian Society, believing the Constitution of the United States to be a document of high moral purpose, reaffirm our allegiance thereto.
>
> We shall thoroughly investigate existing causes and conditions, and seek to abolish all crime, racketeering, graft, illegal and unfair business practices, political corruption and all other forms of despotism and devastation.
>
> We shall learn *why* millions of deserving American citizens are now distressfully unemployed and *why* an increasing majority of these worthy citizens may *never again hope* to secure steady or satisfactory employment unless intelligent action is taken by the people themselves to correct the underlying causes which have brought about this condition.
>
> We shall learn *how* and *why* the national tax and debt burden is hopelessly increasing out of all bounds of reason and resources. We shall learn *why* millions of American people today are suffering want and privation in the midst of material plenty. We shall learn the true character of that social structure that will be required to function to the greatest advantage of all American people under conditions of plenty.
>
> We shall faithfully and diligently apply our reason and resources toward the establishment, through intensive education and orderly procedure, of that sound social system which will provide economic security and abundance for all. Thus we aim to secure unto ourselves and future generations the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in a society greater and finer than has ever before existed.
>
> We subscribe to the policy of maintaining adequate defensive forces, but condemn—and will use every weapon in our power to prevent—the slaughter of our American manhood in disastrous wars brought upon us by those whose sole object is to wring profits from the blood and sinew of the sons of America.

The Utopian Society lays stress on the following points: (1) To guarantee to every one the right of employment and an income ensuring that standard of living to which every American citizen is entitled; (2) To so order the channels of distribution that no one need again feel the pangs of poverty; (3) To provide a full measure of comfort and security for the sick and aged; (4) To ensure the economic security of that sacred institution—the American family—under any and all conditions; (5) To assure to the young education in the arts and crafts for which they have natural inclinations; (6) To end forever the disgraceful and immoral institutions now called charitable institutions, by eliminating the cause of them; (7) To eliminate the possibility of monetary reward for crime and racketeering, whether within or without the law; (8) To prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, thus eliminating panics and depressions; (9) To prevent the injurious hoarding of the country's natural wealth to the benefit of the few and the detriment of the many.

Unit organization meetings are arranged so that about twenty candidates will attend. Each meeting is then supposed to divide into two future meetings. In other words, before the candidate can proceed further he must go out and proselytize among his friends and neighbors. It is significant that this feature of the society's organization is said to have been contributed by a member who had formerly engaged, in pre-depression times, in selling pencils and fountain pens by the endless-chain technique.

All preliminary work in the order is directed toward the Cycle Rituals. There are five cycles which are presented in large auditoriums to thousands of members. Each member who is privileged to attend the cycles is theoretically supposed to have done all the preliminary work, such as recruiting his quota of members, paying his $3 in dues, performing a certain amount of organization work. When he attends the cycles he does so as a "pilgrim," he emerges from the cycles a "hermit."

The most interesting feature of the cycles is the manner of presentation. They are enacted on the stage, by players who simply move about while excellent speaking voices off-stage, through radio amplifiers, boom forth the drama of ideas. The first and second cycles picture the unemployed as down-trodden folk. They try to get grain from the Grain Merchant, but are told that he must sell for a profit, which they cannot pay. They consult the Money Lender, who demands interest and gives them, not gold and silver, but paper money which he controls, issuing and withdrawing it at will. Before they can spend the money, the Constable arrives and demands taxes. Then, at a later period, they meet a "hermit" who throws out several pregnant hints about "reason" and "truth" and "democracy" and points toward a neon-illuminated picture of Reason Ascendant with the American flag in the background. Incidentally, nearly all of this childish showmanship can be directly traced to the influence of Aimee Semple McPherson, with her mob-fetching allegories and pageants that have fascinated Southern Californians these many years.

The last cycles outline a society in which the central power operates and owns all industries and regulates the production, distribution and consumption of goods. Under one of these later lectures, the "new mechanism of money" is outlined. These monetary ideas would seem to stem from Soddy's "Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt." This new mechanism of money is supposed to meet the fol-

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capacity at all times, the labor to be evenly distributed; every person employed to receive his equitable quota of goods—all persons between twenty-five and forty-five years of age being rated as producers; issuance of a non-transferable money unit issued direct by the government to the "hermit," or member, which the latter can exchange for goods; owners of industry to continue in control of their plants if they operate them at capacity—for which they receive an annual non-transferable income based on their earnings over the previous five years; all accumulated moneys to be used or canceled at specific intervals, probably each year; in case of difficulty encountered in the taking over of industry on the terms outlined, the suggestion is made that it be accomplished "by emergency proclamation or condemnation proceedings in the public interest along the same lines as the preventing of the hoarding of gold."

The headquarters of the society in Los Angeles is a bee-hive of activity. Through all the organization, a careful centralization of authority is maintained. The Utopians place a high valuation on centralized authority; further evidence, if any be needed, that they are realists, so far as organization is concerned. People must be told what to do; they must be moved about by prearrangement; they must listen to a ritual and dogma. They must witness pageants, not debates. And they must be caught off-guard by mystery and hocus-pocus. A political meeting of the old-fashioned variety is no longer workable. The audience is advised of the character of the meeting before it attends; hence, prejudice and bias are provoked in advance. But when the audience is recruited in secret, singly, and assembled in small groups, its mind is in an almost hypnotic state of ignorance, hope and expectation. It is then that the anonymous voice of the lecturer can reach them in a manner that, except to those who have actually seen the process, is almost unbelievable.

As a sample of the astuteness of the society, at their mass meeting at Hollywood Bowl on June 23, attended by about 25,000 people, an address was read by Mr. J. F. Glendon. Now it happens that Glendon is a professional actor; hence his address was most effective and impressive—the voice, acting, etc., made a far greater impression than any of the officers could have made.

The Utopian Society is termed a "radical" organization. But no "educational society" is ever really radical. The Utopians are not recruited from the ranks of workers. The people I watched pass through the examinations were lower-middle-class folk: housewives (about three women to every man), clerks, stenographers, salesmen, typists, storekeepers. A newspaper reporter for The Los Angeles Evening Herald reports the following in attendance at one organization meeting: a woman physician, an employee of a public-utility corporation, a small business man, the manager of a small two city employees, a carpenter, a barber. These are the people who have been victimized for over a decade by every conceivable type of commercial bunco game. They have seen their savings vanish as the fairy-land economic structure of Southern California has come crashing down upon their heads. As a friend of mine put it: "These people formerly bought financial gold bricks and now they are buying political gold bricks." The Utopians are somewhat more conservative than the Technocrats: they promise an annual income of merely $15,000 a year and not $20,000, for every working adult. Work is to stop at forty-five, and an abundant leisure then awaits the citizen. Such taffy draws the lower-middle class like so many thousand flies, for the lower-middle class is always, and everywhere, looking for something without paying for it, seeking paradise by joining a lodge.

Consider the folklore the Utopians foster about the society. In the second cycle of the work, members are known as "hermits." And, runs the rumor, didn't President Roosevelt himself use the term "a wise hermit" in one of his recent addresses? Wasn't this a token of friendship? In a pamphlet "The Truth About Utopia," published in Los Angeles and purporting to have been written by a member, is this statement: "It has been frequently alleged that the President of the United States was the real power behind the throne in the organization of Utopia. This is something for you to judge after you have passed through the portals and taken the secret work which outlines the new conditions to be expected." Raymond Moley and Rexford Tugwell are supposed to have written the ritual. Mrs. Roosevelt is "sympathetic."

The three nominal incorporators of the society in California are men without previous political or economic training. It is generally conceded that they did not write the ritual or arrange the drama of the cycles. Howard Scott, who visited Los Angeles about the time the society was incorporated, is said to have had a hand in its formation, and there is some plausibility in this suggestion since the society has sponsored certain of his lectures. Upton Sinclair is another who is supposed to have written the ritual. He has assured me, however, that he had nothing to do with the incorporation of the society, although he has attended the cycles and thinks well of them. Incidentally, about 90 percent of the members of the society are Sinclair's supporters in his campaign to win the Democratic nomination for Governor of California.

It seems that the real brain back of the society is that of Eugene J. Reed. He is referred to among the members as "a philosophic seer." An invalid, suffering acutely from a bad lung condition, he is said to have taught Economics at the University of New Mexico and the University of Colorado, and to have had several years' experience with an investment bond house in New York. Merritt Kennedy, another founder, is a Southern California promoter. Forrest Hartley, a young attorney, and W. P.

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Rousseau were the other incorporators. My latest information is that there is no "master mind" back of the society, other than Reed—Reed influenced obviously by Technocracy.

A final step in the process of becoming a Utopian is to sign a letter addressed to President Roosevelt. These letters are not mailed directly but are accumulated at headquarters for future use. The letter, a standard form, reads as follows:

> Dear Mr. President:
>
> As an American citizen, and as a member of the Utopian Society, I wish to extend to you my congratulations on your efforts to distribute the wealth of this nation to a greater number of its citizens.
>
> In accord with the oaths and the declaration of aims of our society, I hold no malice against the individuals who use or used their positions in government or business to rob widows and children, and to break the hearts and bank accounts of honest men, but I do deplore the present profit and debt system which allows them to do it, and still to hold millions of our people in poverty and despair in a land of plenty.
>
> Therefore I implore you to smash this weapon of the money changers and the machine owners, and free the skillful hands of modern man to produce wealth for consumption and use, rather than for hoarding and the shackles of debt.
>
> To the measure that you do this, will my heart, mind and hand be at your command.

On his return from the Pacific, Mr. Roosevelt can safely count on receiving several hundred thousand copies of this letter, signed by the Utopians of California. The society, however, is organizing nationally, and is sending its organizers into the other states, on a commission basis, to further the good work.

The startling manner in which, within approximately three months' time, a society such as the Utopian Society was organized in an American city and expanded to a huge membership is surely indicative of two facts of general significance: the existence among the lower fringes of the middle class, that is, among the poor but nominally employed ranks of clerks, small business men and white-collar employees, of a mood of great restlessness and impatience; and the fact that, approached with the right blandishments and allured by the appropriate fetiches, this class is easily and effectively organized for action—and it is the fact that they can be organized, as a class, that is important. In the past it has always been the apathy of this group that has paralyzed radical action in America. What direction this impulse will take, either in the Utopian Society or generally throughout the country, whether toward communism or, as is more likely, toward a fancy American fascism, remains to be seen. The mood and the impulse are there, and the Utopians have shown conclusively how the trick can be performed.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS.

A New Power Fight in the West

THE FEDERAL government and the states of Utah and Colorado have completed a joint survey and a series of extended investigations of the vast beds of coals and oil-bearing shales in the Rocky Mountains, which have revealed great and unsuspected sources of future fuel power. As a result, an important and significant struggle for control of these fuel sources has already begun.

The first survey of the possibility of commercial development of oil from coal and shales was started in 1919. Not only were the shale lands of Colorado and Utah investigated and an estimate made of their extent, but the coal measures of northeastern Utah were surveyed, apparatus was developed for testing the oil content of shales and coal, and experiments over a period of eight years were made to determine the best method of extracting oil, gas, gasoline and other smokeless fuels. Surprising facts were revealed by these government investigations. Oil-shale beds in western Colorado and eastern Utah appear to dwarf all other known underground sources of oil in the United States. The shales extend over thousands of square miles. One series twenty-five feet thick averages 40 gallons of oil per ton; a series fifty feet thick averages 32 gallons; another seventy feet thick averages 29 gallons; and one 100 feet thick averages 25 gallons. The sole question is the cost of extraction.

Government engineers developed and tested apparatus and methods of treatment whereby oil can be produced from these fields at the extremely low cost of from 50 to 75 cents a barrel, operating at the rate of 1,000 barrels a day. The oil can be extracted on the spot by blasting a series of large chambers in the deposits. Hot gases are then pumped into these chambers. They extract all the oil and gas not only from the débris of fallen rock in the chambers, but from the intervening walls between them. The oil, in a gaseous state, together with the gas, is carried out of the chambers through pipes and then condensed. After the oil is extracted, the residual carbon can be used to produce gas. The oil and gas, according to the engineers, may be cheap enough to compete successfully with natural oil and gas, particularly since the latter have to be imported by long freight hauls.

These oil-shale discoveries, however, were completely overshadowed by the much more startling disclosures of the great coal measures in eastern Utah. This survey was made under the direct

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of Lewis C. Karrick, mining and chemical engineer, graduate of the University of Utah and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, formerly a government oil-shale technologist and petroleum-refining engineer. Mr. Karrick and his corps of assistants determined that the Utah coal beds are of enormous extent, Carbon County alone containing many billion tons. It is estimated that there is enough coal, if treated with superheated steam at a low cost, to produce approximately 150 billion barrels of oil (from which about 40 billion barrels of gasoline can be obtained), great quantities of gas equal in quality to natural gas, and enormous quantities of smokeless fuel which could sell at the market price of the raw coal.

What this means may be gathered from the fact that the largest present petroleum resource in the United States—the California field—contains only four and one-half billion barrels of oil, while the second largest, the East Texas field, contains only two and a half billion barrels that may be obtained economically. At the present rate of consumption, according to Mr. Kerrick, the low-priced oil in these fields will be exhausted within twelve years.

The process of steam treatment of coal is not new to science, but as developed especially for the Utah coals it has possibilities of a revolutionary industrial character. At the outset it makes available gasoline, gas and smokeless fuel in the great region between the Rockies and the sea, where the long freight haul shuts out competitive products from the East.

For coal treatment the steam is produced by burning dust from slack coal, which now sells at the mine in Carbon County at a dollar a ton. Electricity is produced as a by-product. Steam is delivered to the generating turbines and then the exhaust steam is carried to superheaters and heated to above 900 degrees Fahrenheit. It is then passed through large steel retorts filled with sized, dust-free coal. In a short period the coal yields up its oil and gas. The steam containing the volatilized oil and gas passes out of the bottom of the retort to condensers, where at varying temperatures the oil and water are condensed and separated and the gas is recovered. The residue in the retorts is a fairly dense product retaining the original shape of the coal lumps. It ignites and burns without any trace of smoke and tests prove it to be superior in many respects to coke or anthracite. Tests of carload lots of Carbon County coal in Pittsburgh show that a ton will yield at least 30 gallons of crude oil rich in high, anti-knock gasoline, gas with a heating power of 1,000 b.t.u. per cubic foot, and a smokeless fuel that if burned in household appliances yields 10 to 30 percent more heat than the raw coal. It has been proved that coal can be treated on the spot in the same way, and at a much lower cost than in plants. Surely, this provides a practical method of vast importance for producing the country's "base load" requirements of oils and [illegible] deposits throughout the United States, deposits that are considered of too low a grade to be operated as profitable coal mines.

In its effort to find a smokeless fuel for local use, the Chamber of Commerce of Salt Lake City engaged the service of R. B. Ketchum, dean of the Utah School of Engineering at the University of Utah. Mr. Ketchum reported that one of the Karrick processes could be profitably used in a $75,000 pilot plant near the mines in Carbon County.

The enormous shale and coal resources of Utah and Colorado, combined with these processes—which are based upon studies financed by public tax funds, in the hands of engineers with social vision and essentially democratic ideas—are the bombshell that has started the power-fuel fight in the West along somewhat new lines.

Mr. Karrick is a convinced advocate of public ownership and operation of these basic resources, which he believes will be our most important power sources in the future. For more than five years he has been waging a stubborn battle toward two major objectives: utilization of all the developments and technological achievements in the building up of publicly owned utilities, and the immediate public utilization of the vast coal and shale resources in Utah and Colorado still owned by these states or by the federal government. He believes that the attainment of these objectives would drive a wedge into the very heart of the fuel and power trust and begin the restoration to the American people of the power resources of their country. His proposals have been regarded by the fuel and power interests as little short of revolutionary, and these interests have left no stone unturned to block them.

On the side of the public with Mr. Karrick in this fight are certain members of the University engineering faculty, a few members of the Utah and Colorado Legislatures, progressive citizens of both states who have learned of the nature of the struggle, and practically the whole labor movement of Utah. Lined up on the opposite side are the following fuel and power-trust interests: the Mellon and Rockefeller companies, the Utah Gas and Coke Company, the Natural Gas Company (controlling a pipe line conveying natural gas from the Wyoming oil fields into Utah), the Utah Power and Light Company (a subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company, which is said to have Utah in its vest pocket), the Utah Fuels Company (a subsidiary of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, one of whose directors is W. W. Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank), and the United States Fuel Company (which is owned by the United States Smelting Company).

There is a stubborn blockade against the public utilization of fuel-power sources. For instance, the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce, after paying for Dean Ketchum's report on the practicability of erecting the $75,000 pilot plant, became strangely silent and failed to act upon Mr. Ketchum's recommendation favoring such a plant.

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Why this sudden abandonment of the smokeless-fuel project after its practicability had been demonstrated? The answer may be found in the fact that the Chamber of Commerce membership is extensively involved in stock ownership in the established fuel and power interests. It is also noteworthy that Utah's great "home-industry"-ballyhooing newspapers have practically denied a public hearing to the public-ownership forces in this great controversy, although the public-ownership movement is essentially a movement to develop home industries.

Most striking, however, is the opposition that has come from the University of Utah. For five years Karrick has offered his thirty-one patents gratis to a proposed university research foundation similar to such foundations at the Universities of Wisconsin, Illinois and Purdue. Some idea of the possible financial value of this offer may be gathered from the fact that in 1931 the University of Wisconsin realized an income of approximately $1,000 a day from its research foundation's leasing of patents and processes. Mr. Karrick asked only that his patents and processes be used in the public interest and safeguarded from falling into the hands of private monopolies.

The Board of Regents of the University of Utah accepted Karrick's offer and proceeded to organize the research foundation, but turned over the selection of the board of directors to Dr. D. A. Lyon, an outspoken conservative and friend of the monopolistic fuel and power interests. Dr. Lyon selected a board of directors who were, on the whole, friendly to the fuel and power interests and opposed to public-ownership enterprises. J. O. Elton, head of the International Smelting Company in Utah, is president of the board. Feeling that the public interest had been betrayed and that this board of directors would merely bury his patents or turn them over to the great private fuel and power interests, Karrick refused to surrender them until a board of directors friendly to the public interest was chosen.

This controversy had been raging for several months when local F.E.R.A. officials, learning the facts, offered to use their influence to obtain an F.E.R.A. loan to finance the research foundation if the Board of Regents would appoint a board of directors in sympathy with Karrick's plan. This they have so far failed to do, despite the financial value of the plan to the University and the prospective government loan to finance it.

Mr. Karrick's ultimate plan involves a set-up of tremendous power and consequence. A unit of economical size would involve the erection and operation of large steam-power and coal-products plants in the coal areas and populous centers in which electricity would be an enormous and important by-product of the treatment of extremely cheap, small-sized coal. Such a unit would produce at competitive costs electricity, gas, oil, gasoline, smokeless fuel and other products. According to Mr. Karrick, such a unit for producing these basic necessities, if owned by a municipality, county or state, would be able to supply these important power sources at a price that would completely oust the trust and establish industry on a new basis, and produce power more cheaply than the large hydro-electric plants. The real power and fuel fight in Utah and Colorado is just beginning. MURRAY E. KING.

Mass Action Works in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE has gone through the strangest, most dramatic and most violent strike in its history. Fewer than 300 employees—company figures listed only 157—left their jobs out of a force of 4,700 on the pay roll of the powerful Milwaukee Electric Railway and Light Company and yet brought the great utility to heel. A strike that started out on a dreary, rain-swept morning with not more than two score pickets—a strike that seemed to have died stillborn—grew swiftly until it brought 30,000 people out into the streets in what one alarmed newspaper described as "a state of virtual revolution."

Within forty-eight hours, these mobs had bashed in dozens of street cars "armored" with heavy fence wire ("monkey cages," the Socialist city attorney called them); shattered hundreds of windows in cars barns and paralyzed trolley and bus transportation. Shortly thereafter, they were battering at the doors of the giant Lakeside power plant, nerve center of the utility's power network. Then, within eighty-five hours after the strike was called, as light and power were already begining to fail in Milwaukee and nearby communities, the president of the company had signed on the dotted line and acceded to virtually all the union demands.

Here was direct mass action of the kind that Communists sometimes dream about, but in which, in this instance, they played a negligible part. A clique of business men and some newspapers did raise a "Red scare" in an effort to break the strike, but it flopped completely. Actually the people of a metropolitan city turned out against the utility and showed their teeth in a manner probably unique in labor annals. Though the violence that flared has, of course, been deplored on all sides, the result has been to give the notoriously weak labor movement of Milwaukee (Socialist influence notwithstanding) the greatest impetus it has experienced in years. Labor is now conscious of its power. Section 7a of the N.I.R.A. is to be thanked for

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charter for labor, all of the utility's employees were herded into a company union, the Employee's Mutual Benefit Association, commonly known as E.M.B.A., a paternalistic body providing low-cost medical service to members, helping them finance their homes and passing out other benevolences that kept workers securely under the company's wing. By contract with the utility, the E.M.B.A. supplied all the company's help. There were many men who preferred free unions, but the utility was belligerently anti-A.F. of L. and the E.M.B.A. remained unchallenged.

A year ago, shortly after Section 7a became law, leaders of three A.F. of L. unions—Street Car and Bus Operators, Electrical Workers and Operating Engineers—started organizing employees who fell into these divisions. The company quickly fought back: first, by discrimination against union men; then, through the E.M.B.A., which threatened expulsion, and finally, with the outright discharge of thirteen men—for cause, the company said.

Dissatisfaction mounted among the 1,400 men in key crafts who had been mobilized into the unions. A strike was called for March 5, then postponed on National Labor Board promises to conciliate. A labor-board tribunal after protracted hearings ordered eight of the thirteen reinstated. The company defied the decree. It insisted on a court determination, which, of course, would have prolonged the issue for several years. Soon after, on the board's recommendation, General Johnson canceled the utility's blue eagle. But the thirteen men stayed out. Section 7a remained only a pious hope. Clubbing of the unions continued. Hundreds left the A.F. of L. fearing loss of their jobs.

In desperation, those remaining pressed for another strike. Leaders wavered, apprehensive that the unions were now too weak. Hotheads whooped it up for a strike. Some of these, union chiefs suspected, were provocateurs planted by the utility to force a walkout in the hope the A.F. of L. organizations could be destroyed by a strike. The hotheads won. The strike was called. Major demands were: reinstatement of the thirteen men and freedom for the crafts in which union strength was concentrated to choose their own collective-bargaining representatives other than the E.M.B.A.

At 4 A. M. on June 26, in the midst of a heavy downpour, the strike officially began. By 5:30, a bare handful of pickets were out. Company and E.M.B.A. officers were jubilant. The strike had apparently collapsed. By sundown, however, the Workers' Committee on Unemployment, an organization of 13,000 jobless, largely under Socialist control, had thrown most of its members into the picket lines. Young People's Socialist Leagues and Communist groups added to the crowds. Socialist public officials at the outset kept out of the picture —the strike seemed like "hot potatoes." Behind the scenes, however, Mayor Hoan tried to persuade [illegible] Socialist chief of police to order all company trolley cars off the streets to forestall violence. The chief refused.

That night something happened to the facile predictions that the strike had caved in. Twelve thousand people, strikers and non-strikers, pickets and non-pickets, jammed into the streets adjoining one of the major utility properties, the Kinnickinnic car barns. For a while there was little but shouting of "scab" and "rat" at passing motormen. Then someone set the spark that brought a mob surging into the street to block all street cars. Out of the crowd came a shower of rocks, bricks and sticks thrown at the cars. Soon knots of young men dashed on the cars, ripped off doors, tore the cage wire from the windows, slit air hose, pulled off trolley poles. Two hundred policemen found themselves virtually helpless to stop the attack. Smaller demonstrations of this type took place in other parts of town.

The next night the outpouring doubled. Three car barns were surrounded. Again, dozens of trolley cars were crippled. Windows of the barns were shattered, walls were pounded. Police this time used clubs and blackjacks. They rode motorcycles into the crowds. For the first time they threw tear-gas bombs. The bombs were flung back, policemen were beaten. The roll of injured read like a war casualty list. Fifty-five persons were arrested. Transportation came to a standstill by company orders as "loyal" motormen mutinied.

Public sentiment noticeably veered against the obduracy of the company and the E.M.B.A. Several newspapers attacked the utility. Federal mediators demanded that the E.M.B.A. waive its contract and let employees vote by secret ballot on whether they wanted a new deal. Mayor Hoan came forth with a blistering attack on S. B. Way, president of the utility. "You alone are responsible for the riots that have so far blotched the good name of this city," he wrote, angrily. "Your attitude is more arrogant than that of any ruler in the world. You are now witnessing the harvest of pent-up public indignation you yourself have aroused."

Thursday night came the first tragedy of the strike, as thousands swarmed about the Lakeside plant, showering it with rocks. A band of bold young demonstrators battered down a fence, invading company property. A flash of blue flame burst forth and the man at the head screamed and crumpled up. The rest of the invaders backed out. Conflicting stories of the electrocution were told. Some claimed charged wires were planted in the shrubbery; others, that the victim poked an iron rod through a window to a live switch. At any rate, bitterness swelled. Employees remaining at the Lakeside plant, expecting a more menacing attack Friday night, threatened to walk out by 6 P. M., Friday, if the strike were not settled; this despite a heavy guard of imported strikebreakers, reputedly armed, protecting the plant. On top of that, the building-trades council voted a sympathetic walkout. The Federated Trades Council decided

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upon a general strike if settlement did not come by the following Monday. A night of black terror loomed ahead with greater destruction of company property in sight, possibly more deaths and probably shootings.

These considerations appeared to move Mr. Way. Friday afternoon he agreed to meet the union leaders. It was the first time A.F. of L. men had crossed his threshold. Bargaining started. By 4:30 P. M., men at the Lakeside plant began going out. Power in nearby Kenosha and Racine went off. Lights and radios died in parts of Milwaukee. This was the last straw. Mr. Way signed the settlement, recognized the unions, conceded their demands. Power went back on.

The four days of turmoil were variously analyzed. To Joseph Padway, shrewd counsel for the striking unions, the outburst was "a strike of the people of Milwaukee against the attitude of the electric company." To jobless youths, who flung the bricks and stones, it was an onslaught on "big business" that failed to give them work. For many, it was wrath at the company's failure to lower rates during the depression; to others, indignation at the utility's defiance of the N.R.A.; to thousands of socialist-minded it was a midget insurrection against capitalism. To all, it was an unequaled lesson in the possibilities of mass action.

RUBEN LEVIN.

Washington Notes

Richberg to the Fore—Emergency or Confusion?
—Paying Debts to Mr. Kennedy—
The Self-Confessed Liberal

CERTAINLY one never knows what to expect from Mr. Roosevelt. In his more buoyant moments he is apt to launch schemes and take actions that leave the bulk of his administration executives in as complete a state of surprise as the general public. Sometimes these impulsive movements work out all right and sometimes they do not, but they are one of the major joys Mr. Roosevelt gets out of the presidency, and they will continue, I think, as long as he is in the White House. Particularly I have in mind his last-minute announcement—made after he had already sailed on the "Houston"—of the creation of an Industrial Emergency Committee, of which Mr. Donald Richberg is the head and Secretary Ickes, Secretary Perkins, Harry L. Hopkins and General Johnson the other members. The purpose of this new alphabetical unit is to coördinate and make recommendations for the work of the Relief and Public Works departments and the N.R.A., as well as to deal with labor disputes. In addition, Mr. Richberg is made Executive Secretary of the Executive Council, whatever that is, and head of the National Emergency Council, in place of Frank A. Walker, retired.

Now the point of all this is not the extraordinary powers thus conferred on Mr. Richberg, who is an able citizen of real force and character, but the complete surprise of the whole business and the confusion it has [illegible] only did no inkling of such a step come from Mr. Roosevelt at his final press conference, but almost no hint of it had been given even to the various executives affected. The net result is that neither Mr. Richberg nor any of the others has any clear or comprehensive idea of what he is to do.

The new I.E.C. will meet, but will the meetings be any more fruitful than the meetings of the N.E.C.? None of the other executives has been instructed to accept Mr. Richberg's decisions; and Mr. Richberg, so far as I can gather, has not been instructed to make any. Off-hand, it would seem that in detaching Mr. Richberg from the N.R.A., the President has delegated to him sweeping powers over every agency of the New Deal except the Agricultural Administration. Yet neither the executives of the various departments nor Mr. Richberg himself so construes the transfer. On the contrary, Mr. Richberg is exceedingly anxious not to have any such authority imputed to him by the press, and besought the "newspaper boys" not to refer to him as the "Assistant President" or the "Summer President."

Evidently he had in mind the experience of Mr. Baruch during the ill-fated London Economic Conference last summer. At that time, it was simultaneously announced that Professor Moley would go to England as the confidential representative of the President and that Mr. Baruch would be in Washington during the President's vacation to handle things at this end. The next morning various newspapers referred to Mr. Baruch as the "Assistant President." Almost immediately, Mr. Baruch disappeared from Washington and, in a couple of weeks, sailed for Europe on his annual vacation. Since then, every horse in the administration stable has shied at sight of that "Assistant President" bridle. So far as anyone can see, the Industrial Emergency Council with Mr. Richberg at the head will cause no other change in the situation than to be completely unnecessary and add to the general bewilderment and friction.

One effect, of course, is to weaken the N.R.A. organization, which, I regret to report, seems in a worse mess than ever. The President's recent executive order restoring competition in government bids has knocked General Johnson's price-fixing policies pretty well to pieces. Problems big and little confront the Director and no one seems to have a clear idea as to the future. In addition, it is generally conceded that General Johnson is in poor physical condition. He is just out of the hospital again, for the third time this year, and his friends strongly urged him to resign before the President went away. But his ideas that he is "under fire," that all the wicked people want him to get out and that it is his duty to follow through to the last, regardless of the effect upon himself, proved too deeply rooted to be pulled up. So there we are, with a tired, worn and embittered man, determined to go ahead with a job he cannot do, loaded with problems he cannot solve. It is not a particularly cheering prospect for those who still believe it possible to correct the fundamental mistakes in the N.R.A. and rebuild it into an instrument for the general good. It would be pleasant to believe that Mr. Richberg and the I.E.C. could devise some sound method of doing these things while the President is vacationing, but it hardly seems

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the General and Secretary Ickes have strong reason to doubt that any commission upon which they both sit will be harmonious.

In regard to the other appointments made by the President before he left, there was, of course, more interest in the personnel of the new Securities and Exchange Commission than any other. It was a disappointment to the liberal element in the administration that neither Mr. Landis nor Mr. Pecora was made chairman. Either would have suited them far better than Mr. Kennedy, who seems to have been selected partly through the influence of certain conservative financiers with whom the President conferred and partly from the President's desire to take an alienated friend back into camp. Mr. Kennedy had not only helped finance the pre-convention Roosevelt campaign but had made liberal gifts to the Democratic National Committee. It seems, too, that Mr. Kennedy, while not devoid—so he says—of liberal tendencies, is a warm friend of Mr. Farley's, so warm that no one was more rejoiced over his selection than the Postmaster General.

The chief objection to Mr. Kennedy has so far come from various Democratic Senators who pointed out that he had been exposed as one of the participators in the Libby-Owens-Ford Securities Corporation pool, out of which some $395,000 of profits were made. It is intimated that this point will be urged against his confirmation when the Senate convenes next year, but I do not believe it will be effective. By that time the Kennedy appointment will be old stuff: he will have been functioning for six months. The idea that he will then be rejected is absurd. Besides, it is hinted that such parts of the Commission's job as affect trading on the Exchange will be largely in the hands of Mr. Pecora, and that that was one of the conditions on which he agreed to serve. In any event, before the Commission gets very far some basic differences of opinion as to methods and machinery are likely to develop. The personnel of the Board makes such division seem more than likely—far more.

The one thing that seems certain is that the element opposed to the selection of Landis or Pecora as chairman—on the ground that their administration of the Act would be too drastic—had its way with the President. There is little doubt that at first he intended to name Mr. Landis, and that Mr. Pecora was his next choice. Mr. Kennedy did not really come into the picture until a few days before the appointment was actually announced.

During the next six weeks, activities in Washington will be confined mainly to setting up the new organizations authorized by the recent Congress. There do not seem to be any big decisions to make and if any crop up, they will come from Mr. Roosevelt, who, thanks to the powerful radio equipment of the "Houston," can receive reports and issue orders as easily as he could from Hyde Park—more easily than from the "Amberjack III" or the palatial Astor yacht, upon which he spent three weeks while Congress was in session. And running the country by radio will appeal to Mr. Roosevelt. No one who knows him will minimize the fun he will get out of that.

P. R. B.

Other People's Money

Of Commissions and Commissioners—The Jackals of Finance—Mr. Kennedy's Record—Little Lessons in Looting

THIS IS indeed an impossible world. Last summer Ferdinand Pecora was busy probing the sins of Wall Street. At the same time Joseph P. Kennedy was busy with a group of his pals—Mason Day, Harry Sinclair, Elisha Walker, of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and two or three others—putting over a pool in Libby-Owens-Ford Glass Company stock. The pool was inspired by Walker of Kuhn, Loeb in whose office at the time Pecora was drilling for facts. It was managed by Mason Day of Redmond and Company, stock brokers, where Joseph P. Kennedy had his office. This was one of the pools that produced the squalid little boom of 1933 and when these poolsters withdrew and the boom collapsed the administration denounced the men who had operated them. Pecora was directed to investigate them. And when he did, the trail brought him at once to the office of Redmond and Company, from which Mason Day and Kennedy were operating. There Pecora dragged into the light the activities of this pool in which, without supplying five cents of capital or intelligence, Kennedy made $60,000. Day described Kennedy to Pecora as a capitalist and he defined, at Pecora's request, a capitalist as one who makes money but does not have to work. Kennedy fitted the definition perfectly.

This pool, mind you, was formed in the moments when the New Deal was mounting to frenzied heights of piety, in the midst of the Wall Street investigation, when Mr. Pecora's agents were swarming over the Street.

Only four months ago Pecora submitted his findings about these pools to the Senate. Immediately thereafter he was directed to prepare the Stock Exchange Control Bill. He did so. And in time the bill, with its most effective sections cut out, was passed. Then I was told by some of the men who had collaborated in preparing the bill and who heard much that went on behind the sacred curtains that the President would make no appointments to the commission until the Senate had adjourned. Why? I asked. Because, I was assured, the President wants Jim Landis on the commission and he is afraid the Senate will refuse to confirm him. To this I made the following reply: "I do not believe this is the President's fear. I do not believe there is the slightest doubt that the Senate will confirm Landis. They confirmed him as a member of the Federal Trade Commission. He is stronger now than then. The suggestion is preposterous and, I believe, insincere. However, I will suggest why the President holds back. Having passed a bill to control the Exchange, he will, in obedience to his well known policy of carrying water on both shoulders, now look around for some means of placating Wall Street. He will name a chairman of the commission who can be depended on to be reasonable, to see Wall Street's side of it. The President knows that if he names such a man the Senate will rise on its hind legs and smite the nomination. That is why he is postponing nominations until the Senate adjourns."

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President, replied with reproaches. They said I was an ill natured critic of the President. They insisted that he was incapable of such an appointment. I reminded them of Earle Bailie and a few others. But they were genuinely shocked that any man could be so sour-spirited as to suppose Franklin D. Roosevelt would do such a thing.

Of course, I did not in my wildest dreams imagine he would appoint a speculator as chairman of that body. There are various groups in Wall Street. There are commission brokers who scrupulously refrain from speculation, will not let their employees speculate, operate no pools, believe in market reform and who, in accordance with their lights, operate their brokerage businesses in a civilized manner. I thought perhaps Roosevelt would appoint such a man, though I felt this would be a grave error. I did not think he would go to the bottom of the heap—I speak of the Wall Street operators. Below the commission brokers in civilized rating would be the floor traders, who should be excluded from the Exchange. Below them are the specialists who speculate for their own account and who should be whipped off the floor. And below them are the outside speculators, fellows like Matthew Brush, Jesse Livermore, Percy Rockefeller, Arthur Cutten, Tom Bragg. They frequently have desks in brokers' offices where they play the game close to the ticker and close to their shirt fronts. Who, I ask, would have believed, as Pecora last February unfolded the sorry tale of the repeal pools, that the President of the United States would have gone to this class?

And now the shirt-stuffers have gone to work on Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Arthur Krock, the very intelligent correspondent of The New York Times, amazed me with a column about Mr. Kennedy in the most approved Forbes Magazine manner. He told us how, when only twenty-five, the directors of the Columbia Trust Company had elected Kennedy their president. He did not say that this was Kennedy's father's bank—a little neighborhood institution—and that he had inherited the job. That was not frank. Then Mr. Krock pictured the amazing moving-picture executive. Mr. Kennedy's chief moving-picture experience was as chairman of Pathé Exchange, Inc.

In the twenties the bankers were roving the country devouring banks, utilities and, as we know from the amazing story of William Fox, moving-picture companies as well. One of these was Pathé Exchange, Inc. Blair and Company, of which Elisha Walker was the guiding spirit, got its fingers around the windpipe of Pathé Exchange, Inc. Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy was put in by these gentlemen to build up and expand this old company. He was given aid by way of a new issue of debentures to the extent of $6,000,000. Thus armed and with the nation just moving into the final tempo of that grandest of all prosperities under the late-lamented Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, who belonged to the Coolidge New Era if anyone ever did, proceeded to build up Pathé.

Here is the story of that brilliant success told in a simple column of figures. These figures give the gross sales and the costs of Pathé Exchange, Inc., from 1924 to 1930. The line between 1926 and 1927 marks the spot where Mr. Kennedy stepped forward to assume control. One column gives gross sales [illegible] column gives costs. Mr. Kennedy came in in 1927. Now look at the story:

1924.....	$16,459,385	$15,002,920
1925.....	18,151,827	16,614,946
1926.....	16,828,590	15,938,132
1927.....	17,553,525	18,353,154
1928.....	17,256,321	19,548,710
1929.....	18,166,877	18,549,188
1930.....	14,581,210	15,601,371

Beginning with Kennedy, sales increased very little, but costs rose rapidly. In the three years before the coming of the wizard, the company's sales exceeded costs each year. In the four years after Kennedy the company's costs exceeded sales every year. What is more, the carrying charges not shown in the table were worse. They were around $125,000 a year before Kennedy. They were around $430,000 a year after Kennedy. Under his brilliant management the common stock ceased earning anything and the earnings for preferred stock were more than cut in half, and finally extinguished. The common stock went from around $12 to $1.50 a share. Finally the company was sold to R.K.O. to escape complete dissolution.

This is the man who, we are told, succeeds in everything he undertakes. But he has succeeded in one thing and that performance must make the admirers of great acrobatic feats gasp with wonder and admiration. He has gone from a desk in a broker's office to the headship of the commission that will manage Wall Street for the New Deal.

And thus the man who named William Woodin, the client of the Morgans and a participator in its favors; who named as Treasury adviser Earle Bailie, fresh from those South American bond issues for which his company was denounced by Senator Johnson and a Senate Committee; who turned loose upon the Stock Exchange Bill two high Treasury officials who pretty effectively emasculated it, has now appointed a Wall Street speculator, from a Stock Exchange brokerage office, one that has managed so many pools, as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

I say it isn't true. It is impossible. It could not happen.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

CORRESPONDENCE

A California Correction

SIR: In The New Republic for June 6, 1934, Ella Winter makes a parenthetical statement that the University of California College of Agriculture is "set up and largely financed by the Bank of Italy, which finances a large part of California farming."

This statement is untrue, and we would appreciate a public correction of it in view of the handicap which it may place on the work of the University of California. The University is a state institution, and its College of Agriculture was established by a constitutional provision. The maintenance of this College devolves upon the people of California and on the federal government almost entirely. A few years ago A. P. Giannini of the Bank of Italy gave to the University of California a fund of $1,500,000 to be used for the establishment of the Giannini Foundation for Agricultural Economics, and for the construction of a building to house it. Income from the endowment portion of this gift, amounting to forty or fifty thousand dollars a year is less than three

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I believe you must agree with me that there is little justification to be found in these facts for the statement made by Ella Winter.

GEORGE A. PETTITT,
Assistant Manager, University News Service.

Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I acknowledge that my adverb was unwisely chosen. A million and a half dollars' endowment should not have been referred to as "largely" financing the Agricultural College's work. It should have read "slightly but evidently sufficiently."

Carmel, Calif. ELLA WINTER.

Mr. Caldwell Was Not Banned

SIR: In reply to Mr. Erskine Caldwell's letter in your issue of June 27, may I say that his statements are not correct. Teachers' College Library has not banned any books from its shelves. It buys those which are needed to serve the purpose of a professional graduate school. Naturally not all books published are purchased.

On our shelves at the present time are copies of Mr. Caldwell's "We Are the Living" and "Tobacco Road." These were purchased at the time of publication. The copy of "God's Little Acre" was purchased also at the time of publication and has since been discarded along with several hundred other books which in the course of time wore out.

. . . The first source of this information [that Mr. Caldwell's books were banned] was Columbia University's undergraduate news sheet, The Spectator. The young reporter wanted a story rather than the truth. I hope that this will clear the situation for Mr. Caldwell and all others who are interested.

ELEANOR M. WITMER, Librarian,
New York City. Teachers' College Library.

"Rebel America"

SIR: In her review of "Rebel America" in your issue of June 6, Mrs. Vorse unwittingly—and I am sure unwillingly—pays the authors one of the highest critical tributes they have yet received. She is unable to determine from their book their precise brand of radicalism! Having failed to indulge in the billingsgate, abuse and downrght misrepresentation which mark the "official" party historians, having failed to call my group "traitors" and "crooks," they can't be placed. Mrs. Vorse's bewilderment in the face of an attempt to write a non-partisan radical history is typical of that of the "fellow traveler" when confronted by other radicals who are not adherents to the Orthodox Church. To set her mind at rest, let me confess that the authors are in substantial agreement with the position of the American Workers' party. And to think she never guessed it!

Elsewhere, however, Mrs. Vorse is guilty of a critical trick which leaves little doubt about her own brand of radicalism. To state that some other critic—obviously an official one—considered the last chapters of the book too full of errors to waste his time on, without pointing out those factual errors herself, Mrs. Vorse is able to damn the book without assuming the burden of proof. As still another critic of the same persuasion considered these contemporary chapters the only "sound" portion of the book, it is a pity the two could not have got together to determine the "correct line" on this subject. After all, the events of the past fifteen years are matters of record.

May I point out that "Rebel America" is a history of the American *radical* movement, not of the American *labor* movement, that unfortunately the two are not synonymous, that because of this fact, the American radical movement has remained lamentably dilettante; that out of 396 pages not more than four are devoted to the radical Bohemians of Greenwich Village in the old Masses period; and that it is scarcely "arty" to point out that the Wobblies possessed such talent for dramatizing their major struggles that they won the support and participation of "intellectuals" and upper-class liberals throughout the country? The Communist party attempts, at least, to do the same thing.

LILLIAN SYMES.

Help for Herndon

SIR: Toward the end of 1932 relief ceased in Atlanta. "It is no longer needed," it was officially explained.

Hunger and disease began to spread death and despair. A few leaderless demonstrations were ruthlessly broken up. "Any agitator who comes to Georgia will get the chain gang or the death penalty," the public prosecutor said. . . .

Then Angelo Herndon led his brave band of white and Negro workers to the courthouse to ask for bread. Atlanta authorities were infuriated. Herndon was charged with "insurrection to riot" and the death penalty was demanded. Unbelievable? Only after the most exhausting and absolutely determined efforts was the International Labor Defense able to prevent Herndon's death sentence. Finally he was sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the Georgia chain gang—which is equivalent to death.

This outrageous and illegal sentence, upon a man who demanded only that his fellow creatures should not starve to death, has been confirmed by the Georgia Supreme Court. But Herndon is not, and must not be, forsaken. His terrible sentence is to be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. Georgia intends to send him to the chain gang even pending decision on this appeal. Overcoming obstacle after obstacle, the I.L.D. has just succeeded in having bail of $15,000 fixed. It is imperative that this sum be raised within three weeks. Angelo Herndon *cannot* be allowed to suffer the tortures that certainly await him on the chain gang.

Send any and as much money as you can to the International Labor Defense, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City. Certificates for this money will be issued and when the bail is released the money will be returned. Contributions toward the expenses of the appeals are also desperately needed. If Herndon goes to the chain gang and dies, a little humanity will die in each heart that failed to help him.

New York City. HENRY HART.

Extracts from Letters

PROTESTING against the plans of the Emergency Housing Corporation in Atlanta, Georgia, P. C. McDuffie, chairman of the Atlanta Committee on Slum Clearance, writes us: "To spend five million dollars for apartments which only a few can ever afford to rent will only make our relief problem worse. We need low-cost housing for thousands of our low wage earners who are now living in slums, but we don't need apartments. Cottages with small garden areas would not only help solve our immediate relief problem but would greatly aid in the larger question just ahead."

From the Social Workers' Discussion Club we have received a copy of an open letter to Welfare Commissioner Hodson of New York City. The letter reads in part:

"A committee of the Social Workers' Discussion Club presented to you a detailed study of current relief practices in the Emergency Home Relief Bureau. This study indicated that the average relief allowance is below accepted minimum standards of health and decency, that the rental scale is so low that it forces families into substandard housing, that the submarginal relief wage is inadequate for the maintenance of living standards, and that homeless individuals are forced into demoralizing mass shelters.

"You said that you were aware of these inadequacies and that 'the whole relief picture is a flop.' You told the Committee that you were asking for an $18,000,000 appropriation for the month of June, far below what was required. You guessed that $25,000,000 might meet the situation.

"At this point the Committee asked why, declaring your belief in adequate minimum standards, you did not ask for an amount sufficient to meet these needs. By way of answer, you outlined the present relief set-up. The city is limited by the Bankers' Agreement to an appropriation of $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 a month.

"The Committee urged upon you your professional responsibility as a social worker in public office to request publicly sufficient appropriations to meet the standards formulated by the Committee and agreed to by you. You replied that such a request by you

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Texas Lights: III

The Royal Bed

THERE is nothing unique about this memory of (classic style) Melissa's; such affairs historically have seemed only too natural. It is only that this is her star memory and that it adds a touch of the super.

Melissy is black and wide-eyed. She was once a tall woman, but is now shorter with age, fat and a long cultivation of the negligée. Her general air looks somehow as if the front steps had fallen down. All her little episode amounts to is that during Reconstruction days she was cook to the Governor of Texas, and that when the outrages of that period obliged the Governor to retire with his family into Mexico, Melissy stayed on in the Mansion. Sam Houston's great four-poster is there, and in it all Governors since his time have slept. The idea grew on Melissy that she just got to sleep in the white folks' bed once. So one night she put out the lights in the house and with a friend—for that part of it she follows the style generally adopted in the memoirs of royalty—crept upstairs and got in the Governor's bed. But they had not been there long when the door opened and she felt a cold air approaching and knew it was a ghost. They jumped out the bed on the other side and dashed down the stairs, and as they went they felt the ghost pass them again, and from that day to this she sho has slep in her own baid, ain't dat de truth.

Diet of Worms

Among us in America it is a truth universally acknowledged that everyone eats too much. Lately I had occasion to observe a wedded union about whose happiness I have heard so often that I expect to see it any time in some Rotarian pamphlet or chamber of commerce "literature," as if it were the result of local waters, public schools or height above sea-level. However that may be, they both, C—— and his wife, do what she calls keep their figures. Whatever else they feel, they both feel unsettled, which they mistake for young. Whatever else they are, they are both tired.

C—— is in some business, and his wife is on some committee. They can afford two servants, which she says is really more trouble than doing everything herself. It is hard to see how she could do this when she is not at home, but she constantly repeats her statement. Nevertheless, the house will keep her busy—what with telephoning—any morning up to ten, so that when he drives off in his car—which has sat quietly beside hers all night in the garage—C—— feels that at no time during the day can he be so busy as she. By ten their daughter is awake. Next year is her last in high school, and she is out at parties and automobile riding every night till twelve or one. She is tired too. It would be unpatriotic of me to add that Byron said thin young ladies were like dried butterflies.

After a committee or literary club meeting or shopping, Mrs. C—— is often obliged to go to some luncheon; for no week of the year lets up on the visiting married-daughters, matrons and débutantes, in honor of whom the ladies give mutual functions. These are not elaborate affairs, but mere repetitions among the ladies of the sight of one another at small breads, dressy cuts from bakery loaves; salads in which what was solid is ground up and what was grainy is solidified—in aspic both—on dry lettuce; and ices out of picture advertisements. Afterwards there may be bridge, which some of the ladies play voraciously, with talons as it were; for others there may be a little family sickness, tonsils out, or beauty parlor, before tea time. It is generally agreed that all these things are necessary. "Now," Mrs. C—— said to me when I was dining with them, "do you know what it all boils down to?" She had that severe but shallow look of someone who has just looked for the salt. "A small cup of bouillon?" I feel like saying, but that would be cheap of me. And reminding myself that Milton called the inane intense is only cheaper. I merely bend over to receive the crown of light. "This," my hostess says: "We can't just shut ourselves up from people."

It is a matter of no interest, perhaps, to note that away from our great cities, where only books, music, drama, painting, furnishings, shops and table d'hôtes cater to the patronage of women, we see even more clearly how women dominate American life. Our average male fowl, not liking anything very much, likes this state of things or lets it go at that. I do not feel forceful enough to argue the question; but with the happy C——s in mind, I may say that there is one point at which our national management is not invulnerable. When it comes to food the case may waver. At any rate, even here in Texas, not so far from the era of strong men and pioneer rations, C—— has been told what he wants to eat. After a long day of work and an hour of golf, he will like a canned-pear salad, with lettuce (which rates as "succulent"), a few crackers and a whiff of milk perhaps, though, of course, there is always fruit in the Frigidaire. He has been given to understand five things; men are excessive; why resemble from the rear an elephant?; a woman wants the man she loves to be slender too; why not look young? These four are, I confess, a kind of suite. The fifth is: in the animal kingdom the strongest of all is the gorilla, and he eats no meat, merely herbs and roots, such as wild carrots.

Well, C—— has doubtless by now taken on the national invirility—a new word—and Mrs. C—— the national incessantness—an old resource. Once, without exhaustion, C—— threatened to antagonize her egotism; now, with exhaustion, he has disconcerted her glands. Were it not that the image seems not quite felicitous at the moment, I should say that thus we have a vicious circle. It might be better to stop at two little thoughts that seem harmless enough not to have to shut ourselves up from people. What if some day it can be said of American life that for the first time in history one may see a whole roomful of people looking young? Younger than what? Younger than who? What if in time this dainty, sane and slender diet fed to the American male should turn him into a gorilla among ladies who have forgotten him as a man?

I will say one thing for C—— thus dieted. He would as soon be in one place as another.

Chili Queens

Tonight on the Market Plaza the people, mostly Mexicans, stream up and down among the tables, which shine with their colored oilcloth

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blers and bottles of bright drinks. Here and there are guitars and men singing, and a far-off accordion strikes up amidst the town's motor horns and fading rumble. At each table a Chili Queen presides, cooking over her charcoal ovens, gravely serving her guests, sometimes talking, sometimes silent; there are more than twenty of them down the two sides of the plaza.

I drive up with my friends in their excellent automobile, with its windows and top and gleaming fixtures, and we sit there watching the scene. We have already dined; but even if we had not, my hostess this evening would scarcely like to sit at the Chili tables. These are clean enough no doubt, but she glances at them now and then as if to say that the counterpoint between picturesqueness and sanitation is not quite perfect there. We do not go into the subject; for an old woman who has been sitting at one of the tables has risen and begun to sing. It is a high, yelling song, somewhat in the style of the *flamencos* I have heard in Andalusia. The scale is strange, the melody is wild and fierce. The old woman must be past sixty and there is no longer any voice. But the way she sings these Mexicans understand, they see her as an artist; and as I wonder who she is and where she got all this, the song seems curiously freed by this lack of voice, and the plaza grows hot and dark with what she knows and the song knows. The little crowd around her has grown larger now, and when she stops there is much applause. She has sat down again at the table, turning her head slightly to the side and bowing gravely—her long earrings strike against her neck. To the south above them I can see Jupiter shining in the sky, a great star whose light is blue as we see it through the yellow light of the town.

For a moment, looking out thus sidewise, I had forgotten our excellent automobile; but now as we move away I note how well it covers us. The Chili Queens seeing us about to leave, call out a little more loudly their invitations to eat. This of course is lost on us; but as we move away I do note that there in the top of the car hovers some of the smell of their cooking yet, as if the goddess of fertility had made a pot of soup.

STARK YOUNG.

Both Fine and Foolish

IN A WAY it is too bad that the picture John Cromwell has made from Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" is so closely tied up with the book. It comes, like the famous son of the famous father, well recommended to our attention; but at the same time it stands enough in the shadow of a finer thing to blur the fact of its being a very fine thing in its own right. Its screen story is pretty much a story of Philip and three women, with his periods of artistic and economic bankruptcy no more than indicated, his childhood and successive intellectual adjustments cut away completely. It becomes a little happier and (more regrettably) cleaner, but gains in quickening of speed, in unity of impression. And it moves beautifully, being one of the best examples of pure directing craft to be found. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis have the main parts, and while the one seemed at times to lack the flavor of earth you might expect (a little too much soul, perhaps) and the other simply [illegible] her what the highest scenes required, both leave Intelligence, spirit, all that. As a matter of fact there was a whole troop of good people in it: Kay Johnson, Reginalds Owen and Denny, Alan Hale, Frances Dee. Whether or not the picture can properly be divested of the book's overtones, it is easily one of the best screenplays of the year.

The place is filling up with funny movies again, of which my choice for the craziest is "Sing and Like It." I count the thing a prize, though not doubting it has some awful things wrong. I lost track. I would like to be a good critic and keep a severe check on whether Values are realized and all, but I kept falling out of my seat, and so the best I can say about "Sing and Like It" is, It's probably a lousy picture but you fall out of your seat. Well, it seems Nat Pendleton stumbled into an amateur dramatic rehearsal on the way home from cracking a safe with the boys, and was moved to tears by a song ZaSu Pitts was singing, something about Your Mother. "Monicker?" said Nat, which demand being interpreted and the name of the girl being given, Nat decided to put it in lights. Which he proceeded to do, Ned Sparks translating for him at sight all words above five letters and the boys sticking rods into producers (Edward Everett Horton), ticket choppers and finally into the Herald-Tribune critic, who was thus persuaded into a four-star falsetto that misled everybody, including the other critics, and the play that had been built up around the Mother song left them in the aisles. Miss Pitts, having risen to fame, was prepared to make the Supreme Sacrifice for her art, but this Nat couldn't see, his dear mother having just got out of stir and wouldn't they all come over to her party quick before she went under the table. It is just as well that everybody overdid everything and that the play as a whole had little edge to it, because a thing like this might become a danger to health.

Then there is "Strictly Dynamite," also comic though hampered by too many angles on too many people. One of those affairs where, things beginning to clog, they tossed in a little talent and then, things thereby being clogged completely, they hit upon the remedy of throwing in a little talent. Jimmie Durante can be a small uproar by himself, but finds no strength in numbers, and gets lost in the hybrid confusion of Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan, Marion Nixon, Sterling Holloway, Minna Gombel, Jackie Searl, and I could go on, not overlooking the Mills Brothers. Durante is a radio ace here (though still my baby, I like to think) and is shown getting poems for his act by the expedient of (is he mortified: the last of the Durantes) buying them legally.

"The Affairs of Cellini" is a humorous extravaganza that flops, partly because of what it tries to do and partly because of who does it. Frank Morgan makes delightful work of the sanguinary though somewhat muddled Duke of Florence, but is only a finger in the leaky dyke of Fredric March, who assumed at the outset that Cellini was John Gilbert, and would not be quelled. The humor is quite subordinated to plot complications that, for all their trappings of goldsmiths and the long ago, run on a formula that will seem familiar to some, being in effect, are we in love or are we in love. . . . In "The Circus Clown" Joe E. Brown had one very good scene, hiccupping around among elephants; otherwise I am sorry to have brought the

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Bernard Shaw's Latest Phase

THE FIRST of these books[1] is a collection of short stories and skits written between 1885 and 1932. It makes very entertaining reading. You can see clearly the flagging of intensity between the earlier and the later Shaw. The early Shaw manages to be arresting even in a skit on theatrical production; the latest Shaw seems old-fashioned and almost flat in the Voltairean "Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God." There are also some scenes originally written for "Back to Methuselah," which involve a caricature of Chesterton. Shaw's points against Chesterton are well taken, but they have already been made much more effectively in certain of his journalistic pieces. Chesterton's style and method of reasoning are bad enough when practised by himself; when his nonsense is parodied by the un-nonsensical Shaw, the result is a literary monstrosity which we could very well have done without.

One of the most interesting items is a skit called "Death of an Old Revolutionary Hero," written in 1905. This is a satire on radical intransigence which still has its point today.

> "I served my apprenticeship to the revolution" [Shaw makes his old revolutionary say] "in the struggle against the Reform Bill of 1832."
>
> "*Against* it!" I cried.
>
> "Aye, against it," he said. "Old as I am, my blood still boils when I think of the way in which a capitalist tailor named Place—one of the half-hearted radical vermin—worked that infamous conspiracy to enfranchise the middle classes and deny the vote to the working men. I spoke against it on every platform in England. . . . Then came a worse swindle than the Reform Bill of 1832—the '67 Bill, that gave just a handful of votes to a few workmen to bolster up the lie that Parliament represents the people instead of the vampires that live by plundering them. Didn't I get this scar over my eye from a stone that hit me while I was speaking against that Bill? But it became law for all that; and it emboldened the capitalists so much that they brought in the Education Act to drive all our children into their prisons of schools, and drill them into submission, and teach them to be more efficient slaves to make profits for their bloodsuckers. I spoke against it until I lost my voice for a whole month. . . . I left the International because it would not support me against the school Bastilles. And it was high time I did; for the International was a rotten compromise itself—half mere Trade-Unionism, and the other half a little private game of a rare old dodger named Marx—not Harry Marks, you know, but Karl—a compromise between a German and a Jew, *he* was: neither one thing nor the other. Then came the Commune of Paris, that did nothing but get the people of Paris slaughtered like mad dogs, because, as I pointed out at the time, it was too local, and stood for a city instead of for all the world."

Very good comic stuff about the old revolutionist; but on this occasion, contrary to his usual custom, Shaw fails to give a comic version of the other side, too. What about the Fabian Socialist, whose program of gradualism got him into the position, finally, of supporting the War out loud and preaching Socialism under his breath at the same time?

Where is that Fabian today? His other book, the "Three Plays," tells us. Of the first of these plays, "Too True to Be Good"—on the ultimate disillusion of the moral revolt of which Shaw himself was one of the initiators—there is no point in writing at length now: it was amply discussed in these pages at the time of its production by the Theatre Guild. The second, "Village Wooing," is a trifle on Shaw's old "Man and Superman" theme, the capture of the arrogant male intellectual by the ordinary determined woman. In itself, it is quite fresh and amusing, and hardly betrays Shaw's age; but he has done it so many times before, and, in his early days, with a so much higher voltage, that there is nothing new to say about it today. We benevolently smile at the old story which seemed startling in 1903.

"On the Rocks" is much more interesting than either of these. It seems to represent something like a turning-point in Shaw's later political thinking. One has seen it called Fascist in the reviews; but it is really a play about the breakdown of Fascism. Shaw has insisted that the new photographs taken of him in connection with its London production should show him reading The U.S.S.R. in Construction. (He is said to have had considerable difficulty in getting a theatre for the play in London; and the Theatre Guild, though they have had the script all this season, have not produced it yet. Has Shaw's satirical treatment of policies easily recognizable as those of the New Deal had anything to do with this?)

The first act of "On the Rocks" shows a British Liberal Prime Minister hard beset during a period of depression and unemployment. Pall Mall and Trafalgar Square are full of excited crowds, and the Prime Minister can think of nothing to do except to call out the police against them. The Police Commissioner dissuades him from this; and the Prime Minister, on the verge of a breakdown, allows himself to be persuaded to go away for a rest. The members of a labor deputation have been talking to him about Marx, so he takes Marx and Lenin away with him to find out what it is all about.

The curtain goes down and at the beginning of the next act rises again on 10 Downing Street and the Prime Minister, who has now read Lenin and Marx. The effect of this upon him has been startling: it has transformed him from a gaga parliamentarian into an exceedingly astute Fascist. With the insight into the working of economic forces he has learned from Marxism, he proceeds to conciliate the various social groups by promising each one something, in order to put over a program of nationalization of banks, ground rents, coal mines and transport and taxation of unearned incomes. The army, the navy and the police are to have their wages raised; the tradesmen are to get loans from national banks; the impoverished aristocracy are to be relieved of death dues, etc., etc. The plan bids fair to succeed when it runs aground on Sir Dexter Rightside, the Liberal Prime Minister's Tory colleague in the coalition "National Government." Sir Dexter represents the blind conservatism that sticks to the *status quo* through sheer obstinacy and inability to

[1] Short Stories, Scraps and Shavings, by Bernard Shaw, with Wood Engravings by John Farleigh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 304 pages. $2.50.

Too True to Be Good, Village Wooing and On the Rocks: Three Plays by Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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young Londoners" and to call them into the streets against the proposed program of the government. The Prime Minister's attempt is thus wrecked; but he is now forced to admit to himself the situation with which he is confronted and his own relation to it.

> Do you think I didn't know [he confesses to his wife], in the days of my great speeches and my roaring popularity, that I was only whitewashing the slums? I couldn't help knowing as well as any of those damned Socialists that though the West End of London was chockful of money and nice people all calling one another by their Christian names, the lives of the millions of people whose labor was keeping the whole show going were not worth living; but I was able to put it out of my mind because I thought it couldn't be helped and I was doing the best that could be done. I know better now! I know that it can be helped, and how it can be helped. And rather than go back to the old whitewashing job, I'd seize you tight round the waist and make a hole in the river with you. . . . Why don't I lead the revolt against it all? Because I'm not the man for the job, darling. . . . And I shall hate the man who will carry it through for his cruelty and the desolation he will bring on us and our like.

The shouting of the crowd and the crash of glass is suddenly heard outside. They have broken into Downing Street. The police begin to ride them down and club them. The people sing, "England, arise!"

I am unable to agree with those critics of Shaw who can find nothing in his later plays. It seems to me that the critics in question are simply not interested in the politics which have always figured prominently in his comedies and with which in his old age he has come to be preoccupied. The first act of "On the Rocks," at any rate, seems to me absolutely first-rate Shaw—the old gay and searching wit, the old skill at juggling points of view, applied to a new social situation. If the second act does somewhat peter out, it is partly because the situation itself is one which can no longer be adequately tackled by Shaw's characteristic methods. He is splendid when he is showing up the bankruptcy of the Liberal Prime Minister; but the other and more vital side of the story, the desperate rebellion of the people, is something which Bernard Shaw's theatre was never designed to accommodate. All we hear of it are the shouts and broken glass. Old Hipney, the disillusioned Labor veteran, who speaks for the dissatisfied classes, is well enough done, but he scarcely tells the whole story. The truth is, one can see today, that Shaw's peculiar kind of social comedy has been almost as dependent as Molière's was on a stable and cultivated society. The real throes of a period of social change it is not adapted to handle. "On the Rocks" will not interest the radicals who have been looking at the struggle of classes through the large instead of the small end of the telescope; and it will not delight the liberals who have hitherto been looking through the other end and in whom Shaw has found so appreciative an audience, but whose definitive incapacity to put over even an intelligent fascism the dramatist is now announcing. The Liberal Prime Minister of "On the Rocks" is the real complementary comic figure, which Shaw has been finally forced to give us, to the Old Revolutionary Hero of 1905.

Thus the critics who do not enjoy the latest Bernard Shaw have this to be said for their point of view: that Shaw's political situation today is not a matter of the first interest. Really to enjoy "The Apple Cart"—for the most part a very fine piece of work—one had to be capable of intelligent and conscientious king might checkmate the destructive forces of capitalism. Shaw has abandoned that fantasy now. The able and enlightened king of "The Apple Cart" has dwindled, in "On the Rocks," to the agreeable but unimportant Duke of Domesday. And the liberal Prime Minister without a program of this latter play, the revolted preacher without a creed of "Too True to Be Good," are interesting only if one happens to be interested in the predicament of such people—or interested in Bernard Shaw. If one *is* interested, one can applaud Shaw's art—and admire the flexibility and courage which allow him at seventy-eight, still maintaining his original principles, to follow them through to their consequences in contingencies that his philosophy had not originally admitted.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Well Tempered Conservative

The Theory and Practice of Modern Taxation, by William Raymond Green. New York: Commerce Clearing House, Inc. 266 pages. $2.75.

IT IS refreshing to read a book on taxation written by a conservative Republican that does not start with the proposition that taxes based upon ability to pay must retard economic progress and undermine the national virtues.

Judge Green was for many years the chairman of the Congressional Ways and Means Committee. While in Congress, he wrote a number of articles on taxation and the tariff for The Saturday Evening Post. In 1928 he was appointed Judge of the federal Court of Claims by the late President Coolidge. Yet with all these associations, Judge Green supports the following propositions:

> The general sales tax is "unfair and unjust in its results" and should be accepted only as a last resort.
>
> Property taxes have been greatly overdone and represent a crushing burden on the farmers.
>
> Graduated income and inheritance taxes are much to be preferred to either sales or property taxes.
>
> The excess-profits tax has worked badly in administration but may be worth further experimentation.
>
> The federal income tax contains many loopholes that badly need attention. Among them are the privilege allowed husband and wife to file separate returns and be taxed independently, tax-exempt salaries and securities, the corporate-reorganization section of the federal statute, consolidated returns, and the statute of limitations on non-reported or misreported income not proved to be fraudulent.
>
> Federal administration could be improved by opening income-tax returns to public inspection.
>
> A gift tax is a necessary concomitant of the inheritance or estates tax.
>
> A federal credit for state income taxes is needed "to stop the reprehensible practice of one state bidding against another for the residence of wealthy citizens."
>
> Capital gains represent unearned income and should be taxed.
>
> The policy of repeatedly reducing income-tax rates followed during the twenties now appears to have been a mistake.

Some of the above propositions are implicitly rather than explicitly endorsed, but Judge Green's position is nevertheless fairly clear on these matters. At some points it will appear to the liberal critic that he is far too sanguine con-

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example, that the amendments of the 1932 Congress left the capital-gains-and-losses provision of the federal law in no further need of amendment. The liberal critic will feel, too, that insufficient attention is given by the author to the economic changes and revelations of this depression. The presentation is extremely judicial and the reader will often wish that the author might express his own views with greater frankness.

Judge Green's book is written in a clear and interesting style, is one of the few works on taxation adapted to the general reader and has a large amount of current information concerning state, federal and foreign revenue systems in its 266 pages. Although attempting to cover too large a field in too short a compass, the book is sound and solid without being reactionary; it represents the sort of conservative treatment of public problems that ought to be more common in this country. HAROLD M. GROVES.

A Gallery of Novels

Matador, by Marguerite Steen. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Goodbye, Mr. Chips, by James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25.

The Road Leads On, by Knut Hamsun. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

Our Daily Bread, by Gösta Larsson. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

A Cool Million, by Nathanael West. New York: Covici, Friede. $2.

Duel, by Ronald Fangen. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

REBECCA WEST once pitched into James Joyce for his atrocious taste: she referred to his trick of listing long catalogues of incongruities. But this criticism is invited so universally today that it has ceased to have any point. A great many modern authors and artists (not to mention economists) are incongruities in themselves; they are unintelligible to the public-at-large. Irrelevance, on which modern humor very largely depends, has become almost a cult; wit and madness are more nearly allied than ever before. Chaos is come again, as any book-reviewer can tell you. Bits of it, framed and hung on the wall, make fairly neat little pictures, but the subject as a whole does not really lend itself to artistic treatment. If these introductory remarks strike you as fragmentary, scattered and irrelevant to the matter in hand, no wonder. We shall now step into the picture gallery and take a look at the exhibition.

Here we have "Matador," a story about present-day Spain, by an Englishwoman. As you will observe, it is a charcoal drawing, rather messy in line but effectively flamboyant on the whole. And Miss Steen gets a good deal into her picture. The central figure is a retired matador, a widower with three disappointing sons, and as you follow his dignified progress into old age you get glimpses of Granada streets, the Alhambra, the bull-ring, a village fiesta, that do suggest a far-off mountainous reality that may be Spain—it is certainly not America or England. But the figures in Miss Steen's picture are too traditional, too much the foreigner's accepted idea of foreignness, to be recognized as portraits of human beings. The drawing of these figures is spirited but unreal; it is melodrama according to Hoyle.

Next we have "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," a little water-color of the [illegible] teeth, an eye [illegible]

example of its type. No tears will flow over this story of a schoolmaster who gradually turned into a mythical salty character instead of a drone, but everybody will feel like crying, and that does us all good. The little tale gives us the soft English character in a hard nutshell. Mr. Chips is a mediocre classics master in a good but not-quite-first-rate public school. His tragic marriage (of course his perfect wife dies in her first childbed) adds the touch of Anglo-Saxon irony to his backbone that lifts him out of mediocrity into that omni-popular but lonely priesthood that made the British Empire what it was yesterday—the kind of dry, stuttering, helplessly warm-hearted man with whom no one is intimate but whom everyone chaffs to his face and applauds behind his back. This is a hard-boiled view of a harmless little story which Alexander Woollcott is quite within his rights in calling "tender and gentle," but let us not forget, ladies and gentlemen, that we are in a picture gallery. The outside world is not so nicely framed.

And here is the final panel of a large-designed mural, Knut Hamsun's "The Road Leads On," the completion of a trilogy that may well be the aged author's last work. This fresco is notable chiefly for its breadth and tolerance of conception. The colors are laid on crudely, with no attempt at polish, but the human figures, while simplified into more-than-life-size proportions, are—if the guide may be pardoned a swollen phrase—exaggeratedly just. The clothes, gestures and speech of these Norwegian peasants and bourgeois are nothing like the get-up and manners of ourselves and friends, but the essential similarity strikes through at a glance. Hamsun's intention in this panorama of a vagabond is partly satirical, for he dislikes and distrusts the unsettled modern intelligence, especially when it has money in its pockets; but he has grown old to some broader purpose than satire: he is sorry enough for his scamp-hero to knock more than straw out of him. We cannot call "The Road Leads On" a masterpiece, but it is certainly in the great tradition.

The next picture, also by a Norwegian, is an unfinished sketch for a series of panels, and it cannot be properly judged until we see the whole design. In its crabbed simplicity of line "Our Daily Bread" is reminiscent of Hamsun, but the treatment is quite different. Mr. Larsson is a young author born into a troubled time whose moral questionings have turned economic. His peasants are city-dwellers, factory-workers; for them the good life is no longer a matter of choice but a cornered struggle for wages to pay the rent. The trouble with this kind—or is it this period?—of portraiture is that the figures are faceless. Still, faces come and go, and suffering can be just as feelingly expressed in the bent backs and ugly hands of Mr. Larsson's people.

Now let me call your attention to a native American work, a crayon cartoon of the Voltairean school. It is true that "Candide" is an etching whose lines are both more subtle and more biting than the broad strokes of "A Cool Million," but Mr. Nathanael West has the heart of the matter in him. Though his satire is laid on with a thicker-than-Gallic pencil, and the drawing is more violent than firm, though his manner is more mock-Alger than Voltairean, his picture as a whole makes the same kind of impression. As in "Candide," his hero is an idealistic simpleton whose head is swimming with the copy-book patter of his day. Lemuel Pitkin continues to believe in rugged individualism, homespun American virtues and home-made American fortunes in spite of a succession of misadventures that twice land him in jail, lose him his

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lectuals, social workers, bankers, politicians and fascists, some of whom he drags into his foreground by the hair of their heads. "A Cool Million" is not so successful a caricature as his earlier "Miss Lonelyhearts," and it can be taken in at a glance, but the glance is worth it.

At first sight, "Duel," the last picture in our exhibition, seems to be a simple line-drawing, rather moralistic in tone, very obviously influenced by Dostoevsky. But before you have looked at it long, you will see that it is far and away the finest picture of the lot, and in fact deserves to be hung permanently in a much better gallery. Though its scene is Norway, you will observe that there is nothing *foreign* in it, unlike such a consciously romantic slumming expedition as Miss Steen's "Matador"; alone among these framed arrangements it is more of a window than a picture. It is the story of two men's rivalry, a continual psychological duel of which both were so painfully conscious that they rarely saw one another. One had become president of the university and one of the country's leading citizens; the other remained a country doctor. Twice the successful man has saved his ungrateful friend from suicide; the third time nothing could save him. These two duelists represent, without at all seeming to be symbolic figures, the complementary but warring instincts toward life and death. One man wanted mostly to live; the other mostly to die; though both got what they wanted, their duel was not settled. This is what I mean by saying that Mr. Fangen's framed bit of chaos is more like a window than a picture; he shows us an arrangement that only an artist could make, but he is man enough to leave chaos as the background.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Yankee in the Black Belt

Stars Fell on Alabama, by Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 308 pages. $3.

MR. CARMER, a New Yorker, went to Alabama in the twenties to teach at the state university. He felt at once as if he were in a strange, foreign land, heard tales of an evil spirit that had hovered over that land since "the year the stars fell." The Alabamans liked Mr. Carmer and he liked them. He overcame his distaste for unsweetened corn bread and white corn liquor. He remained in Alabama six years, traveling about the state, visiting the hill country, the Black Belt, the swamp lands. He attended all-day singings, Hardshell Baptist "foot washings," fiddling contests, listened to tales of the fabulous heroes of Negro mythology. After a while he began to feel like a native Southerner and his friends accepted him as such.

Mr. Carmer found much in Alabama that was charming. In fact, one feels that he was so enchanted by the state's picturesqueness that he touched too lightly on its more sordid side. Had he chosen to handle the material at his disposal in a more naturalistic manner, the result would not have been so favorable from the point of view of the Alabama Legislature. Besides being a Yankee, Mr. Carmer is a poet, hence he is more susceptible to the Swords and Roses traditions than is, for instance, T. S. Stribling, whose recently completed trilogy is generally regarded in Alabama as rank heresy. I do not mean to say that Mr. Carmer gives Alabama a false glamor, or that his book is worthless. He writes beautifully and his prose has a poetic quality, but he has pulled his punches with gentlemanly restraint. Cyrus Leroy Baldridge has done an excellent job

Death of an Imagist

The Poems of Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 390 pages. $2.50.

TO REVIEW Imagist poetry, after a lapse of twenty years, is a bewildering experience; for if one opens the pages of Mr. Aldington's collected poems, and if then one returns to the celebrated Imagist anthologies of 1915 and 1916, it is to marvel that there should ever have been such excitement about the thing. It is exactly a generation since, under the leadership of Ezra Pound, this little band of Balearic slingers advanced so truculently upon us and put us to rout. Their slogans we still remember—freedom in choice of subject, new rhythms, the language of common speech, the presentation of an "image," concentration, and the production of poetry that was "hard and clear, never blurred or indefinite." Sound enough notions—so sound, indeed, as to be the usual characteristics of *any* poet worth his salt! and just why we should have thought the program revolutionary, or should have imagined that we saw anything very new or subversive in the poetry itself, is now hard to conceive. Most of the poetry in the Imagist anthologies, if now revisited, looks quite mild and, on the whole, unimportant; perhaps the free verse with its look of novelty bemused us; at any rate, one may question whether H. D. was not the only genuine dyed-in-the-wool Imagist in the whole lot. Beside her, the others all lack "concentration," and even her imitators (among whom was Mr. Aldington) never approached her skill in achieving a pure singleness of image or picture. The more successful of the others, D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Fletcher, were never really Imagists at all. Imagism was really H. D., in short, just as Unanimism was Jules Romains.

It was presumably the accident of his association with H. D. that brought Mr. Aldington into the group, for that she influenced him a great deal is obvious from his collected poems. But the influence was on the surface, chiefly. The essential character beneath was very different indeed, and successfully resisted the imposition: now that one reads him *en masse* one sees that he was really rather an old-fashioned if not definitely *fin-de-siècle* fellow, pretty lush and Swinburnian, very much given to nostalgic and erotic pallors and pinks, quite sentimental, and on the whole with little real distinction of style or idea. The verse has for the most part a confected appearance, and if it seldom achieves perfection of form or statement, it just as seldom compensates for that lack by any genuine approach to reality. There are exceptions—"Bones" is a good poem, and it is instructive to note that in this, and in one or two other of the more successful things, Mr. Aldington was for the moment abandoning free verse for strict octosyllabic couplets.

In his later work, Mr. Aldington has moved away from the decorative neo-Hellenic style to something plainer and prosier—one sees the influence of Eliot and the Sitwells, particularly in a noticeable increase in the use of irony. "A Dream in the Luxembourg" is the best thing in the book, a straightforward story told in a relaxed free verse, colloquial and vivid—but it is too like Mr. Ford's (or as he then was, Mr. Hueffer's) "On Heaven" even if it is as good; and moreover, one cannot help wondering if it could not better have been done frankly in prose as a short story. At all events, in this and in the other poems, one looks in vain for any singular sharpness of image or concentration, or for much hardness and clearness. A good deal of the

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very various nor very new, and there is a noticeable paucity of ideas. It is often charming work, but one feels in the end that Mr. Aldington lacks the final energy for the essential that marks the true poet. His prose is far better.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Books in Brief

Woodrow Wilson: The Caricature, the Myth and the Man, by Edith Gittings Reid. New York: Oxford University Press. 250 pages. $3.50.

THIS LATEST addition to the Wilson bibliography makes little contribution to our understanding of the subject. Though it is presented as an attempt to correct caricature, destroy myth and finally to make known the living man, none of these things is done. Mrs. Reid does succeed in making it clear that Wilson was a human being, but that has been fairly well realized all along. Her contributions to the understanding of Wilson's mind and his political career are microscopic. Some of her statements are deliciously funny, as, for example: "Walter Hines Page's equal would be hard to find. . . ." "It was his [Wilson's] first official act to abolish special privilege." ". . . Wilson met and formed a valued friendship with Frederick Jackson Turner, who later became distinguished as an historian. He always attributed to Turner the recognition of the influence of the frontier on American history and politics. . . ." This last citation is a good measure of Mrs. Reid's grasp of the constituent elements of Wilson's mind and of the currents of thought influencing men in his time. No adequate life of Wilson can be written by one so naïve as to think that recognition of Turner was a unique bit of Wilsonian insight. C. H. G.

The Turning Wheel: The Story of General Motors Through Twenty-five Years, by Arthur Pound. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 533 pages. $3.50.

Probably it was no easy task for the promoters of this history to find an author at once patient enough, technical-minded enough and willing enough to be superficial about the job. Mr. Pound offers an example of surface thinking early in the book. "One reason," he says, "—perhaps the root reason—for the failure of the aboriginal inhabitants effectively to occupy and defend North America may well have been their failure to master the wheel." And in the course of two pages of reflections on the vehicleless Indians, it does not occur to him even faintly that squaws were unlikely to be good draft animals and that there were no others available. There follows a good account of early horseless road travel, but it is significant that the story of the beginnings of American automobiling, as told by Mr. Pound, omits entirely the part played by Henry Ford. Significant, again, is the lack of any comment, in the later narrative, on the immensely wasteful financing of the General Motors enterprise, or on its financial overload and its concomitant war on labor as they exist today. The corporation's schemes for making the workers think they have a worthwhile stake in the present order are described. M. G.

The Mainstay of American Individualism: A Survey of the Farm Question, by Cassius M. Clay. New York: The Macmillan Company. 282 pages. $2.50.

In his discussion of the farm problem, Mr. Clay takes the position that it is a question of "farm versus factory," with the farmer [illegible] evidence of that victory. He thinks that industry, being the financier and therefore the controller of policies, should realize that the farmer and the industrialist now rise or fall together and should lower tariffs to benefit agriculture even at the expense of its own immediate profits. In other words, he would have us stay in the circle of capitalistic competition while attempting to walk a straight line. Nevertheless this is a clear and thorough analysis of the farm situation as it now exists. A. C.

Sweden: The Land and the People, by Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. 285 pages. $3.

If books that fall readily into the travel category, as this one does, have a common fault, it lies in their effort to be comprehensive. Restaurants, literature, art, architecture, economics, each has its brief place and the result, apparently inevitable, is that to someone even slightly familiar with the country certain phases seem to be given too much importance, others too little. Mrs. Rothery treats the development of modern architecture in Sweden too summarily and devotes rather too much space to the merits of Swedish painting. But she succeeds, despite what often seems a hasty unevenness, in giving a general view of a complex country. And there has long been a need for such a book on Sweden, a country on which, because of the success of certain of its social experiments, an interest entirely disproportionate to its size has centered. M. W. C.

Contributors

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is a Los Angeles lawyer, the author of a biography of Ambrose Bierce and of numerous literary and critical magazine articles.

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LAURENCE BELL was born and reared in the South and worked on Southern newspapers for four years. He is now living in New York City, writing a novel of love and religion in what he calls the "East Texas Bigotry Belt."

CONRAD AIKEN, whose new book of short stories, "Among the Lost People," was published last spring by Scribner's, was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in creative writing for 1934-35. He is also the holder of a Pulitzer award in poetry.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of C. Hartley Grattan, Murray Godwin, Anel Creel and Marquis W. Childs.

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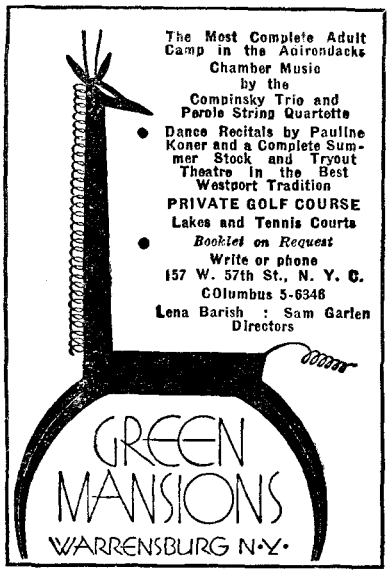
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